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THE PLOT AGAINST FRANK SINATRA!

MAY • 25c

MAR 28 1955

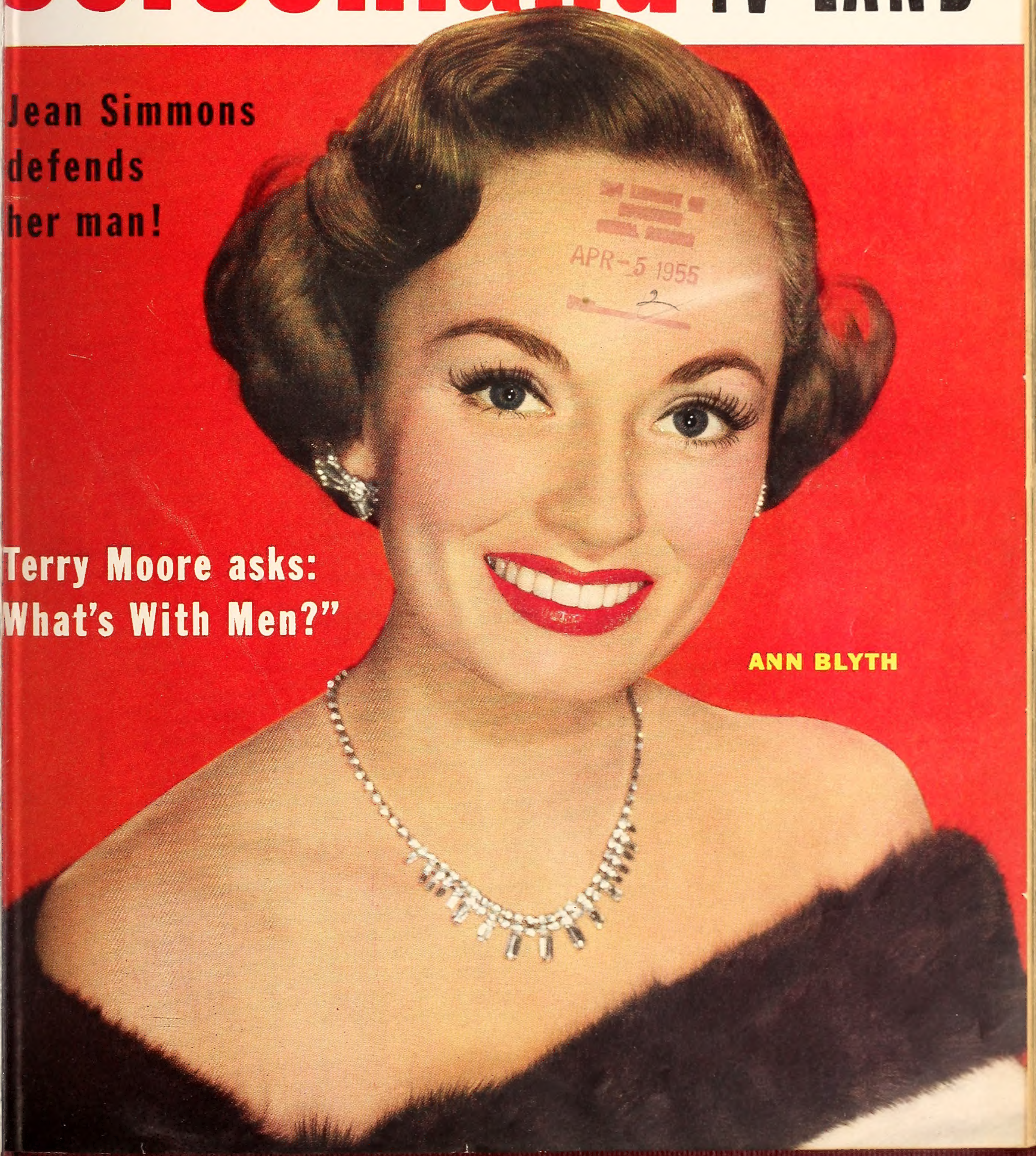
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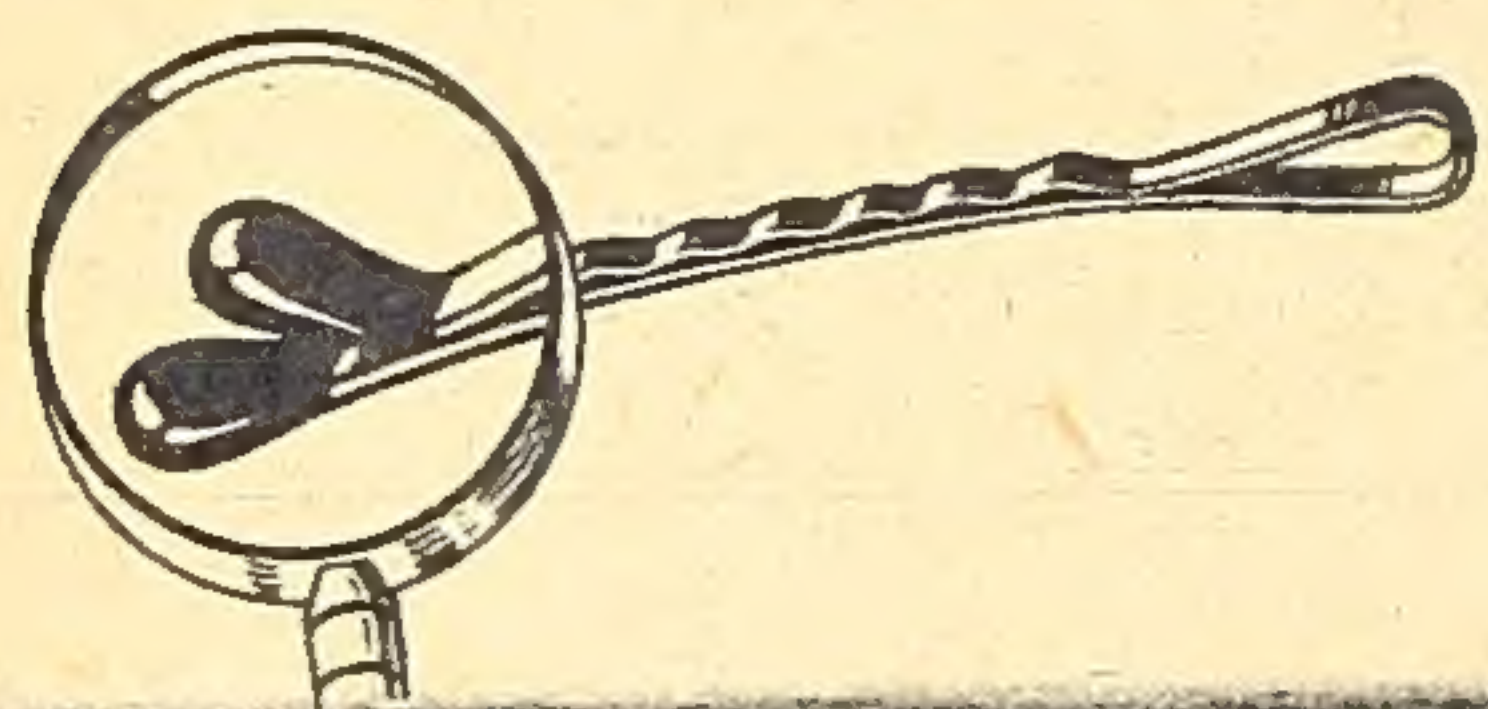


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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY



DINING à deux. Kay Spreckels and Clark Gable at Ciro's. Marriage? Not likely.



BACK together. Gary Cooper looks happy as he and wife Rocky celebrate another reconciliation.



BIG SURPRISE. Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor, whose romance was such an on-again, off-again affair, astonished Hollywood by eloping to Las Vegas and having the knot tied.

The Hollywood love-life forecast? Fair and warmer. It's Spring, isn't it? And Love's in bloom!

HAPPINESS AHEAD—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher plan a quiet wedding to avoid public whoop-de-do, but we'll bet our best Easter bonnet it won't be. Before June 17 was decided on, they were tempted to wed sooner. Debbie told us, "Why should we wait if I don't have a picture commitment? I could go to New York with Eddie until he gets the details settled to transfer his TV show to Hollywood." Anyway, they are real happy kids, definitely plan to spend the summer in Europe and to make their permanent home in Hollywood, although Eddie will have to shuttle around the country now and then. Debbie says she doesn't want to give up her career entirely "just yet," but may pass up a picture "now and then" so she can be with Eddie if his work takes him away. No doubt about it, they're show business's couple of the year!

APART A WHILE—Newlyweds Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell are still happy as a couple of lovebirds, so don't raise an eyebrow because she didn't go to Japan with him for that six-week location on "The Gentle Wolfhound." Jeff had TV commitments which kept her here and she's also keeping a watchful eye on the new home they're building in Encino. They'll be neighbors of Clark Gable and John Derek.

OKAYS?—Mary Murphy went back to Oklahoma with Dale Robertson when he visited his family recently. Chums predict
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BILL HOLDEN, between films, took wife Brenda to Europe on well-earned vacation.



His name was Cal—but it should have been Cain!



"Somebody told me Kate is my mother..."



There are times when you can't tell who's good and who's bad...

OF WHAT A GIRL DID—
OF WHAT A BOY DID—OF HURT
AND EXCITEMENT—
OF ECSTASY AND REVENGE...

ELIA KAZAN'S
EXPLOSIVE
PRODUCTION OF
JOHN STEINBECK'S

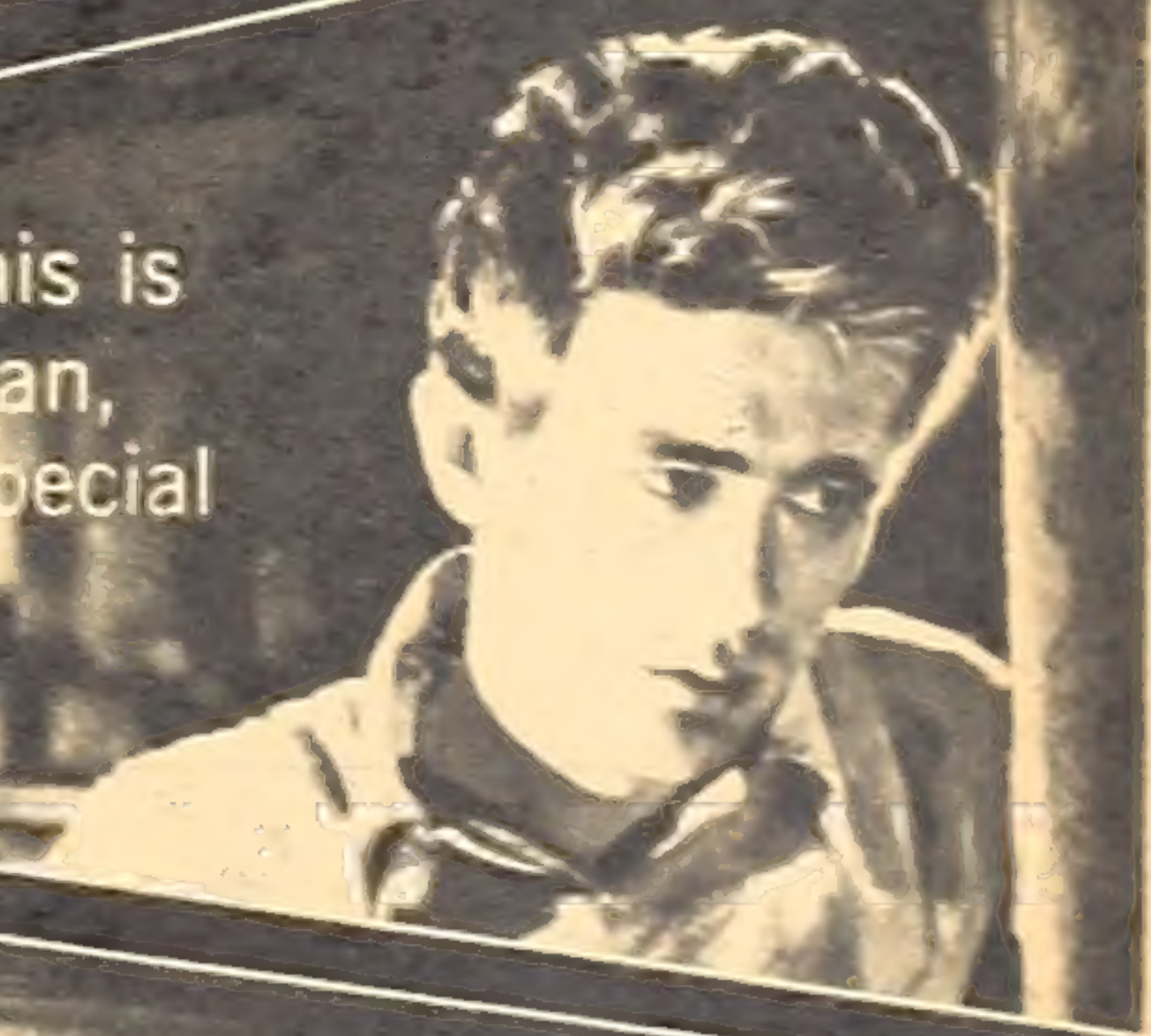
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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Long Gray Line

Sure and from the way the brogues run thick as Irish stew, you'll be wonderin' when it was that the Irish captured West Point. It all began some fifty years ago when *Marty Maher* (Tyrone Power), still smellin' of the peat bogs of Ireland, joined the United States Army at West Point. With no special talents for soldiering, but having a healthy interest in fisticuffs, young *Maher* would have spent most of his enlistment in the guardhouse hadn't Major Ward Bond made him an assistant boxing instructor. Just around this time, as though some leprechaun were determined to show the Irish *do* have phenomenal runs of luck, along comes Maureen O'Hara fresh off the boat and quite willing to say "I do." Once Maureen sends for Power's delightfully Hibernian father (Donald Crisp) and younger brother *Dinny* (Sean McClory), the four make a combination lively as a jig, but even for them it's not entirely one big happy come-all-ye. There's a son who knew only a few hours of life, there are the men who left The Point to fall on the battlefields of two World Wars, and there's the lone-

continued on page 72



MAUREEN O'HARA and Tyrone Power in "The Long Gray Line," West Point drama.

AS Genghis Khan in "The Conquerors," John Wayne won't disappoint his fans.



There's more fun at the movies!

Dear Readers:

Sixty years ago, which was before practically everything, a history-making event took place in a shoe store or, if you want to be fussy about it, a reconverted shoe store. If this event was somewhat less earth-shaking, say, than the fall of Rome or the Magna Carta, it nevertheless betokened an immeasurable amount of pleasure for millions upon millions of people throughout the world in the years to come. We're talking, of course, about the first public exhibition of a motion picture that took place just six decades ago in a (reconverted) shoe store on lower Broadway in New York. Since that time, movies have graduated from shoe stores to theatres that have no rival for comfort, if not for downright luxury, and from a flickering light on a screen that might have passed for a window shade to such recent phenomena as CinemaScope, SuperScope, VistaVision, 3-D, Cinerama and what next? While all the new processes may seem a little bewildering, one thing is sure: all of them have been developed to make movie-going more pleasurable than ever. One other thing is sure: regardless of which process (or processes) becomes standard, going to the movies will always be the most exciting—and rewarding—means of viewing entertainment. So, on the 60th anniversary of the first showing of a motion picture, SCREENLAND take this opportunity to salute the now more than 15,000 motion picture exhibitors throughout the country for their services to the community and to let them know that we, too, believe *there's more fun at the movies.*

The Editors



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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

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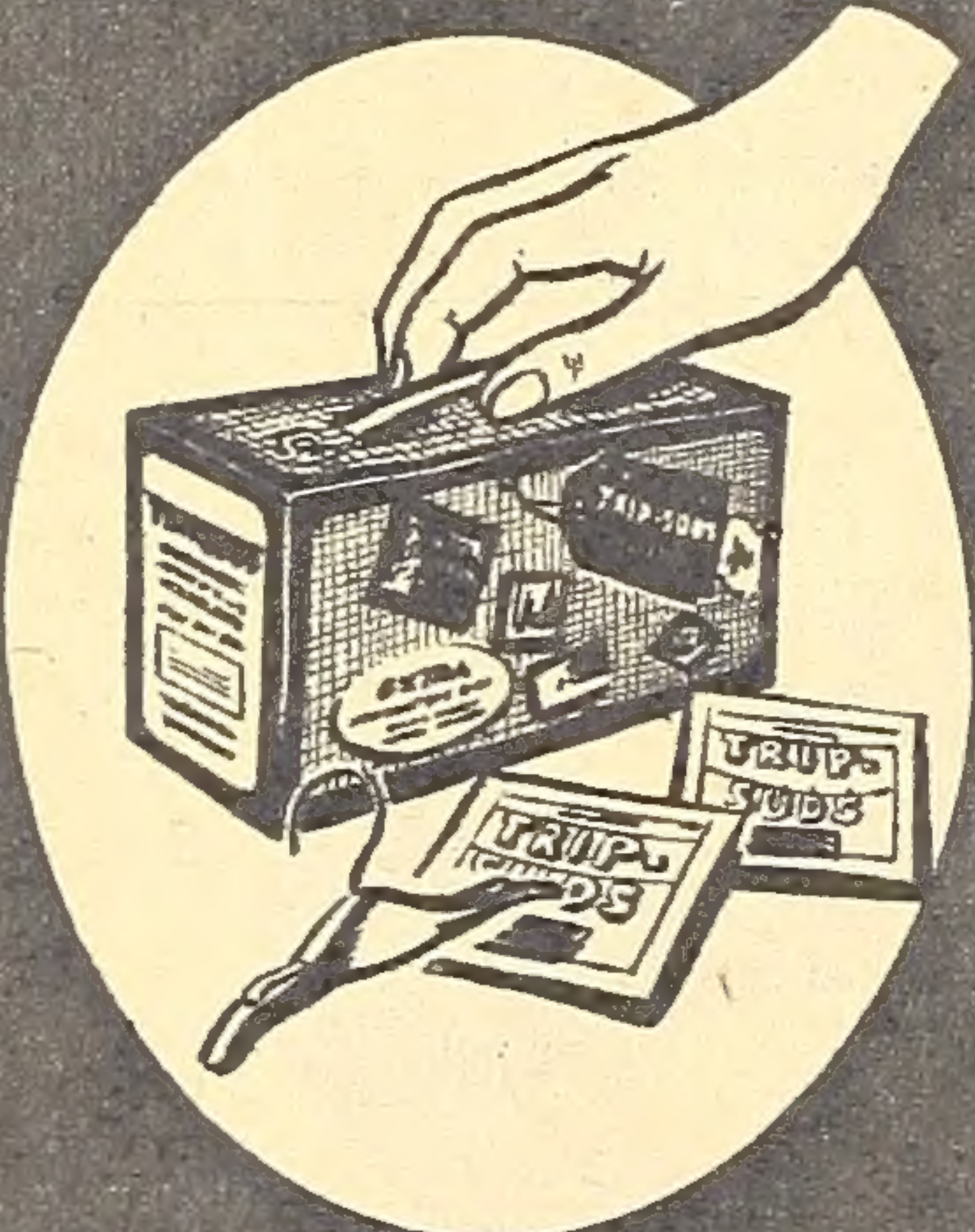
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this was a prelude to a wedding. . . . And friends of Ray Danton say that his father's visit here—the senior Danton's first in 20 years—was largely to meet Julie Adams. Ray and Julie had some "publicity dates" while they were making "The Looters" but then real romance developed. During that picture, Ray broke a bone in his wrist; it was injured again in "Chief Crazyhorse" and X-rays proved he needed a bone graft. Julie was his constant visitor at the hospital after the operation.

ON THEIR TOES—French ballerina Jeanmaire and her one-time ballet partner, now choreographer Roland Petit, married in France, then had to rush to Hollywood where they both reported to Paramount for "Anything Goes," in which she co-stars with Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor. What a cast! It's a working honeymoon, for Petit is directing some of the dance sequences for the same picture.

HAPPY HONEYMOONERS—Vera-Ellen and Vic Rothschild, the wealthy oil man, back from their wedding cruise to Acapulco on Vic's family's 85-foot yacht. Marriage agrees with "The Hyphen"—she's gained five pounds and she can use 'em. . . . Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean finally got married after 500,000 many postponements. Now their friends who wondered if they'd ever take the jump can relax! A week after Mitzi and Jack moved into their honeymoon apartment they decided it was too small and moved pronto.

BABY TALK—The stork already is flapping his wings over the homes of recently-married Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. . . . Ditto Jane Powell and Pat Nerney. . . . Ditto Ursula Thiess and Rob-



WEDDING without whoop-de-do is plan of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Any bets?



COLUMBIA and Rita Hayworth kissed and made up. But is all well with Dick Haymes?

WED in Paris, ballerina Renee Jeanmaire and Roland Petit return here for film commitments.





JOHNNIE RAY, now in "Show Business," breaks into a big smile as he looks us over



EUROPE-BOUND. Doris Day and Marty Melcher will tour British Isles this summer.

ert Taylor. Nevertheless, Ursula went to England with Bob for his location work on "Quentin Durward."

HAPPY TRAVELERS—Lauren Bacall says she's going to insist that Humphrey Bogart take a vacation trip—around the world. And Baby, who seems to get her way, says they'll fly, mostly. . . . Doris Day and Marty Melcher will tour the British Isles this summer, purely for fun. The London Palladium has been paging Doris, but she has turned down the offers. Doris and Marty, who have their own producing company, have signed Charles Vidor, who just directed Doris at MGM in "Love Me Or Leave Me," to direct their first indie production, "Rhythm And Blues". . . . William Holden and Brenda Marshall left for a vacation in England and the south of France; made a stopover in Greenland to entertain the troops. After a steady string of great pics, Bill gets a vacation before starting "Picnic". . . .

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THE BRILLIANT YOUNG STARS OF "MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION"

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great new novel!



Their love was
like a hungry
flame sweeping
the wind-lashed
moors, blazing
in the fury
of a world
gone mad!

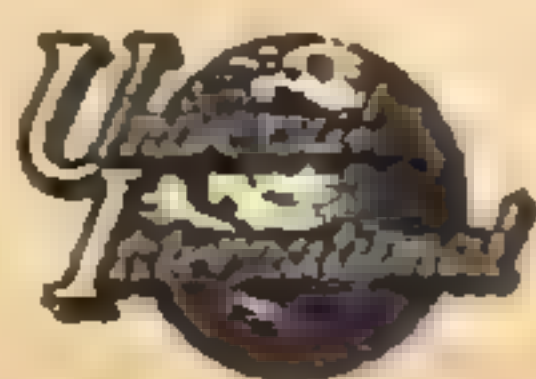


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The Plot Against Frank

Startling revelations come to light as the true story behind Frank's battles with the press is unmasked

By BILL TUSHER

NOT LONG AGO I spent an entire afternoon in a man-to-man talk with Frank Sinatra about his notoriety as a so-called "newspaperman-hater." When I got up to leave, Frankie looked at me with those penetrating blue eyes of his, smiled wanly, and said:

"If an untoward incident should happen, Bill, all I ask is that somebody stops for a second and says, 'What about your side of the story?'"

All right, what about Frank Sinatra's side of the story? The case against Frankie is all too familiar. It holds

that the spindly wonder boy of the entertainment world is practically psychotic about members of the fourth estate, that he goes berserk at the very sight of a newspaper photographer or a reporter.

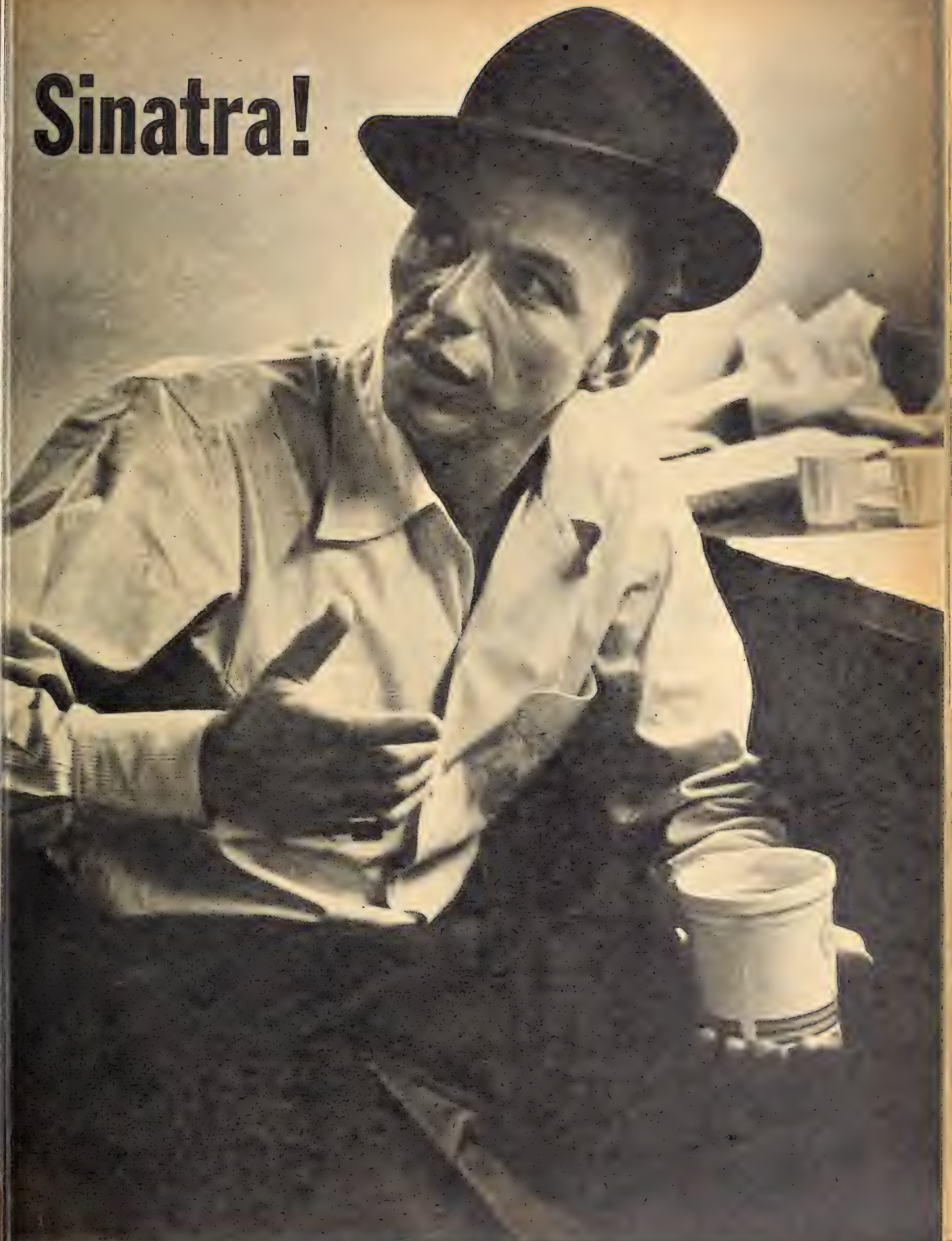
Fictional or not, the old wounds between Frankie and the press seemed to have been all but healed when they were ripped open again in Frankie's now famous skirmish with Jim Byron, the publicity man of the Crescendo night club on Sunset Strip. The episode abruptly revived the ancient caricature of Frankie as a guy with a chip on his shoulder and rocks

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A CONTROVERSIAL figure, the truth is that Frankie has not been the aggressor, but he is moved to action when subjected to an injustice.

Sinatra!



FRANK SINATRA continued

Frank's side of the story, so long overlooked if not



FRANK and Tony Martin listen attentively as Eddie Cantor gives them a few words of advice.

surpressed, is a compelling one



FRIENDLY chat with the Jerry Lewises. When under emotional stress Frankie is edgy; that's when he's sniped at by tormentors.



SOME of Frank's best friends are newspapermen, but there are a few who will stoop to any depth to get him to lose his temper.

in his head for Jim had always been an ardent Sinatra fan.

But the case for Frank Sinatra is not at all familiar. How could it be? It hasn't been told. It is the purpose of this piece to take care of that oversight.

It would be folly to deny that if Frankie really did shout that he hates newspapermen during *l'affaire Crescendo* he thereby pulled perhaps the prize faux pas of his career. But knowing what I do about the background of Frankie's widely reported squabbles with the press, and knowing first hand as I do of Frankie's genuine personal affection for many members of the press, I am convinced that Frankie did not mean what he said—if that's what he said. As any objective newspaperman will admit, the fact is that all newspapermen are not angels any more than all actors are angels. The further fact is that Frank Sinatra does have a hearty contempt for *some* newspapermen, but that it would be impossible for him to hate *all* newspapermen, or even to think he did. To paraphrase a sardonic bromide, some of Frankie's best friends are—and will continue to be—newspapermen.

In order to understand Frankie's side of this hoary controversy, you have to understand two things—the kind of a guy Sinatra is, and the shocking plot against Sinatra. The plot to “get Sinatra” has been a frivolous pastime of certain elements of the press since 1943 who deplored the influence Frankie, then the idol of the ecstatic bobby-soxers, had on the nation's youth.

It is conceivable that a target less sensitive than Sinatra might have shrugged it off. But the fact that Sinatra could not work up philosophical detachment about being mangled in print did not necessarily justify the vendetta against him. Sinatra happens to be that kind of a guy, and the kind of a guy he is was first determined on the streets of Hoboken, New Jersey. He valued personal dignity—and fought for it—long before he became a celebrity, and he wouldn't know

how to duck the challenge of a personal injustice or a social injustice if he wanted to.

Part of Frankie's difficulty stems from the fact that he is an incurably ingenuous person. He doesn't react to the professional or social standing of the author of an offense, but to the offense itself. Anyone who knows Sinatra knows that he'd take on a studio head with just as much foolhardiness as he'd take on a press agent or a newspaperman or a busboy if he thought the studio boss was out of line. Sinatra is not a snob—either in the choice of his friends or his adversaries.

In spite of the fact that he has become such a controversial figure, the truth is that he has not been the aggressor in his alleged war with the press. For years he has been the victim of merciless sniping by irresponsible individuals within the press—acts of journalistic vandalism from which the majority of responsible newspapermen repeatedly have disassociated themselves. I doubt that the critics who rush with posse-like fervor to condemn Frankie have the foggiest notion of the wantonly provocative nature of the unabated plot against Frankie.

This is the side of the story they have not heard—Frankie's story. If, for example, Frankie had taken a poke at a crippled newsreel cameraman when he landed with his bride, Ava Gardner, at Los Angeles International Airport following their Miami honeymoon, the story would have been flashed to the four corners of a shocked nation.

Yet just such a trap was set for Frankie, but the fact that he didn't go for the bait wasn't worth a line in the papers. Frankie and Ava had stood on the steps of the plane, posing for newsreel and newspaper photographers, and he was blinded by the glare of floodlights and flash bulbs. He couldn't see where the voice was coming from, but throughout the picture-taking session, he heard one of the press group taunting him:

“Did you bring your boxing gloves, tough guy?”

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Films, night clubs and TV— careerwise, Frank's on top again

Frankie didn't want to mar his homecoming, and he fought hard—and successfully—to ignore his heckler. Later a friend of Frankie's—a newspaperman, no less—put his arm around him and said, "Gee, I'm glad you didn't pay any attention to that guy. He was a crippled television newsreel photographer, and they planted him there to needle you. They were hoping you'd take a swipe at him and give them a story."

Not a very endearing experience.

"Maybe six or seven months earlier," Frankie told me, "I might have been in a brawl over a thing like that. I was edgy. I didn't care about a lot of things. I can't explain it. I'm just glad that I whipped it."

Frankie had a very simple explanation for the highly publicized embroglios which he did not pass up.

"I didn't go looking for trouble," he assured me. "I just didn't duck it. If a man blew up every time he was agitated by some crude, uncouth guy, every man in public life would be in the papers every day if he didn't control himself. Ask any actor who goes out to a night club or the movies. Nine times out of ten you meet a wise guy who's gotta make remarks. 'What are you, a big man?' they'll sneer. 'Are you slumming?' Occasionally, a man blows up. Sometimes he's right, and sometimes he's wrong. But some of the stuff that goes on drives you crazy."

The abortive attempt to trick Frankie into striking a cripple wasn't the only example of the vicious nonsense to which some newspapermen were willing to stoop in their adolescent efforts to get Frankie to lose the temper they had publicized beyond its actual dimensions. Frankie told me of a similar experience in Reno when a wire service reporter confessed to him that he had been assigned by his bureau chief to pick a fight with Frankie.

"I'm an ex-fighter," the newspaperman explained to Frankie. "I want to let you in on something, but I want you to keep it confidential. My outfit wanted me to bait you when you got off the plane. But I couldn't be party to a dirty trick like that. I wouldn't do it for all the money in the world. Besides, my wife has been a fan of yours for years, and I couldn't get into the house if I did anything like that."

ALTHOUGH he spoke feelingly about the injustices to which he had been subjected, Frankie took pains to make it clear that he never felt any grievance against the press as a whole.

"People ask me if I'm still fighting with the press," he smiled plaintively. "I never fought with the press. I fought with a half-dozen guys, and I'd fight with them again if they did what they did again. I have been accused of attacking—which makes me want to grin when I think about it—attacking, fighting and everything else with certain members of the press, photographers and so forth. I have never done any such thing in my life except in one instance. That concerns a certain columnist in New York, which happened a long time ago. And since then I've never had any physical brawls with anybody in the press. I've had words with some

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A GOOD TROUPER, FRANK MAKES A PERFECT FOIL FOR JIMMY DURANTE'S ANTICS ON TV



Some aspects of his personal life Frank



of them occasionally because they were needed at the time."

Sinatra's alleged clashes with newspapermen took up almost as much space as the description of the by-play during his wedding to Ava Gardner. One story quoted Frankie as commenting, upon discovering reporters at the wedding scene, "How did these creeps know we were here?"

But the version Frankie gave me of what happened on his wedding night is one I have never seen in print.

"We were married in a small house," Frankie told me. "Ava and I were nervous and naturally we didn't want too much excitement. We explained that there wasn't enough room to get everybody inside, so we agreed to a pool arrangement. A man from CBS and a man from Universal-International were allowed inside to shoot as many pictures as they could get, and while the photographers were waiting on the porch, we sent drinks and sandwiches to them.

"We rented a developing studio in midtown Philadelphia so the pictures could be processed right away. Not only that, after the wedding, Ava and I stood and posed for 45 minutes. To a man—almost to a man—the photographers yelled that the arrangement was fine with them. But there was one wise guy in the bunch. He walked through the crowd and said, 'I don't care what these bums are going to do. I'm going to take your picture whether you like it or not.'

"Naturally," he went on, "I saw red. I told him, 'I'll bet you 50 to 1 that you don't, and I'll bet you another 50 that

DEEPLY hurt by splitup with Ava Gardner, Frankie was sensitive to probing. Ava was more ebullient.



will not discuss for publication

if you point the camera at me, I'll knock you flat.' Incidentally, he never got the picture."

Nor does Frank feel his indignities at the hands of the press have been limited to personal run-ins such as the one on his wedding night. He made no bones about the fact that he considers himself the victim of many gratuitous distortions and downright untruths.

A typical illustration he cited concerns the time he was having dinner at the Shamrock Hotel in Houston several years ago.

"A guy walked by my table, spotted me, and ran out to his car and got his camera. Then he came up to me and said nicely, 'May I take your picture for our paper?' I said, 'No, I'd rather you didn't, if you don't mind.' That was absolutely all that happened. We didn't exchange another word. But the next morning a big story broke that I threatened to hit him with the camera. This is one of the worst lies I've ever seen in print against anybody. I think it's unfair, terribly unfair."

It is entirely possible that the key to this whole problem lies to some substantial degree in Frank's personal happiness and peace of mind. I remember talking with him while he was making "From Here To Eternity," and all was well with his marriage to Ava.

"From the moment I was married," Frank told me proudly, "nobody could bait me. I had been under an emotional strain. I calmed down after the marriage. From that time on, nothing ever happened."

"I'm still concerned about certain problems," he continued, "but they're not making me sick as they normally would when you're under great stress. When you're happily married, you can take things well."

Frank's words were to prove strangely—and inversely—prophetic. When the marriage failed, he was deeply wounded—and understandably sensitive to probing. His taboos changed with his personal fortunes, and that, too, was understandable. When he was able to discuss his marriage with dignity, he did so—willingly and amiably. Obviously, he feels that the failure of his marriage, and his groping for happiness, are his personal cross to bear and to him it would be degrading to share these things with the public. It is for these reasons that he will not discuss them for publication, not because he hates newspapermen.

FRANKIE'S side of the story, so long overlooked if not suppressed, seems a most compelling one. When the picture is filled in completely, there is the portrait of a man of stature and principle, a man who gets into trouble only because he refuses to run when trouble shows up. A man who refuses to surrender his dignity although at times it threatens to cost him all else.

As for his future relationship with the press, Frankie has no fixed ideas.

"My aim right now," he told me, "is to do the right thing when it's time. And if the occasion ever arrives when a guy starts to push you around, I think you've got to stand up and say, 'Just a moment. Let's not have any of this stuff.' And that's the way it will go."

It is easy to understand, now that the plot against him has been unmasked, why Frankie might not be overly fond of some newspapermen. But as far as Frankie hating newspapermen as a breed, the accusation has been hurled at him before, and when I asked him about it, Frankie told me:

"That is probably one of the worst untruths I've ever heard of or been accused of in my life."

It's still a mighty unequivocal—and timely—answer. **END**



ACCOMPANIED by daughter, Nancy, Frank takes off for singing engagement in Australia. His latest film is "Not As A Stranger."



NEW interest in Frank's quest for happiness is Gloria Stokowski. She took limelight away from him at premiere but he didn't mind.

Pier and Vic in

Weekending in Las Vegas, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone

discover the quaint Last Frontier Village

while sightseeing and have a gay time doing the town



BUGGY of ancient vintage is tried out by Pier and Vic who find it fun but not as comfortable as the sleek motor jobs they're used to.



DISTORTED figures amuse Pier and Vic as they cutup in front of trick mirror. They also found the town's "inhabitants" intriguing.

GHOST TOWN



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Pier and Vic relive days of the Old West as they frolic in "Ghost Town"



NOSTALGIA for "the good old days" temporarily overtakes the romantic young marrieds as they rest beside a covered wagon.



OLD night spot is nothing like modern Las Vegas club where Vic was then singing. He's also appearing in MGM's "Hit The Deck."



"DEAD-EYE" Vic aims to impress his bride as he makes like a sharpshooter with old guns in the Last Frontier Village shooting gallery.



TIME OUT for repairs.
Now back in Hollywood,
Pier's reported on stork's list.

END



TERRY'S beaux have to wait in line just to get her phone number, but she claims that men still have her guessing!

**"I've been trying
to figure out guys for
years. There are so
many types—the
snob, the timid soul,
the publicity hound—"**



PIE-EATING contest stars Terry and Tab Hunter, is just as much fun as the Mocambo.

TERRY MOORE ASKS:

"What's With Men?"

A FEW WEEKS AGO, a fellow I dated for the first time tried to kiss me goodnight when he brought me home. Realizing his intentions—a girl usually can—I didn't give him a chance. When we got to the front door, I already had my key poised and two seconds later was inside the threshold.

He looked somewhat surprised when I offered my hand. "I had a wonderful evening," I told him, and meant it.

For a moment he hesitated. "Mind if I'm frank?"

"Of course not."

"I can't figure you girls out. If a guy doesn't kiss her, she thinks he doesn't like her. If he does, she considers him forward, like you obviously do . . ."

I assured him I didn't, that I just never kissed a fellow on the first date. Yet I couldn't blame him for being bewildered about us females. I've been confused about men all my life!

Look at it from a girl's point of view: If she lets a fellow kiss her the first evening, he thinks she's "easy." If she won't, he considers her a prude. I know from experience, because in high school, I had a reputation for being an "iceberg."

But it isn't just the kissing that makes men hard to figure out. I've found so many curious contradictions that I've just about given up trying to analyze them.

Since I grew out of my teens, at least the "you're my girl

so don't you see anyone else," and the "I want you to be my steady" types have pretty well disappeared. But I still find many dates possessive to the point where a continued relationship becomes very difficult, to say the least.

Like one fellow I grew to like a great deal before he became overly inquisitive.

I still recall the evening it finally reached the breaking point. The moment he picked me up at my house, he demanded to know, "What were you doing last night?"

Ordinarily, I don't care to give an account of my time. However, for the sake of a pleasant evening, I told him I had dinner at the Fox and Hounds in Santa Monica. He wasn't satisfied. "With whom?"

"Someone you wouldn't know."

"Who was it?" he persisted.

This went on all evening. In itself it wasn't sufficient to keep me from seeing him in the future, but in addition to some other differences, it proved the final touch. And all this inquisitiveness without any "understanding" between us, any encouragement on my part whatsoever.

In contrast, over-humility and complete lack of self-assurance is even more puzzling to me. Why would someone ask to take me out, then oh-and-ah all evening because I'm

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TERRY MOORE continued

"MY CLOTHES have had less criticism from my dates than from columnists, probably because, except for premieres, I dress simply."



BOB WAGNER and Terry starred in "Twelve Mile Reef," set marriage rumors flying, were and are the best of friends.

**"I let fellows I date know I'm
the old-fashioned type of
girl who expects good
manners. Then they
enjoy being
gentlemen"**



GALLANT and attentive, Nicky Hilton makes an ideal date for the bright spots. Terry will next be seen in "Daddy Long Legs."



FRENCHMEN never forget the importance of being gentlemen; Jack Sernas's Gallic charm means an enchanted evening of dancing.

in pictures? I recall one fellow in particular who kept assuring me "I don't really know why you accepted my invitation. You're a movie star and I'm a nobody. You couldn't possibly go for a guy like me . . ."

How different from the sergeant I met in Korea, assigned to a United Nations Broadcasting unit. It never occurred to him to apologize for being just a GI. And why should he? Who's done more for our country than fellows like him? Certainly I couldn't take as much credit for having been fortunate enough to get into a business which combines a good salary with prominence.

To round out the different attitudes toward movie people, I don't want to exclude the snob who doesn't feel comfortable unless he can insult you.

I was introduced to such a character at a big party a short while ago. He didn't have a kind word to say for anyone in the film industry, assured me he could never consider marrying an actress, and if he ever should, his family would disinherit him instantly.

Somehow I just couldn't keep myself from asking why he was telling all this to me, an actress, and furthermore, why he had accepted an invitation to a party attended predominantly by motion picture and television people. He couldn't think of an appropriate answer.

Always wanting fellows to be honest with me, I failed to see the embarrassment this might entail for them—till it was brought out by the reaction of an actor-friend of mine, after a premiere. At the time he was getting along on a spotty income which restricted his movements. Unfortunately, I hadn't

realized his situation when I suggested joining Susan Zanuck's party at the Mocambo.

"Sorry," he replied. "I can't make it. Have an early call at the studio tomorrow morning . . ."

As far as I knew, he was between pictures. But I didn't say anything. If he didn't want to go, that was his decision to make.

On the way to the parking lot, we ran into Steve Crane, who invited us to his house for a party. "Sounds wonderful," said my date. "We'll be right over . . ."

I turned to him in surprise. "You just said you'd have to get home early tonight . . ."

For a couple of moments, he studied the tops of his shoes intently and uncomfortably. "To be frank, Terry, I just don't have the money to take you to the Mocambo."

I appreciated his honesty, but still couldn't understand why he hadn't told me at the beginning—till I recalled an incident which gave me a clue to his behavior. I'd had lunch with a young writer who hadn't sold a story for months. Not wanting to burden him with my check as well as his, as discreetly as possible I tried to take care of my share of the meal. Instead of being appreciative, he was quite hurt. "If I couldn't afford to take you out for lunch, I wouldn't have asked you in the first place," he insisted.

Obviously, most men are sensitive about financial matters.

However, here too I have found the opposite type. Fellows who wouldn't consider driving anything less expensive than a Cadillac, a Jaguar or a Mercedes-Benz, yet when it comes to tipping, are about as tight as a closed oyster. Of the two types,

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TONY CURTIS TELLS

"How psychiatry

"I had every reason in the world to be happy, but I wasn't."

In an exclusive interview, Tony reveals why

By RUSS NEWTON

TONY CURTIS is a most blessed young man. He has the adulation of millions. He earns more than \$2,000 a week. He has a beautiful and devoted wife. He is the kind who attracts true friendships and is liked by his fellow workers.

All this, yet he consults a psychiatrist. Why? That was the question all Hollywood asked when Tony admitted publicly that he was having sessions with a "head-shrinker," as he put it.

Tony seems the least likely candidate for the psychiatrist's couch. From the outside, at least, he appears to have everything in the world that a person would want. Besides, he is a

happy, lusty extrovert who would seem to be content in any situation.

To find the answer to this puzzle, I went to Tony himself. As always, I found him friendly, helpful and completely frank.

"Let me put this straight from the start—I'm not blowing my top," Tony began. "The only reason I might hesitate to talk about this matter is that I'm afraid people might get the wrong idea and think I was nuts or something. It's not that at all.

"I don't suffer from a sense of insecurity. I don't have a split personality. It's none of those things.

"Here's how it all happened: Several months ago, I wasn't feeling so good. It wasn't a big thing at all. But somehow I didn't feel happy. I got mad at little things. I let people annoy me. I'd get put out with Janet over unimportant matters. In short, I wasn't as happy as I should have been. I had every reason in the world to be happy, but I wasn't.

"I happened to mention the way I was feeling to a friend of mine. He said he was going to a psychiatrist at that time and suggested it might be a good thing for me. I decided to give it a try.

"It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. My whole outlook on life changed; I see things much more clearly than I did before.

"I don't get on the couch and babble on about a lot of things. It's nothing like that. I simply go to this psychiatrist's office once or twice a week and we sit down and talk. Nothing formal at all. We just shoot the breeze the same way we're doing now.

"For instance, he'll ask me, 'Well, what kind of a day did you have today?' And I'll say: 'Pretty good. No, it wasn't so good at that. I came into the studio this morning and gave the gateman a big hello and he didn't answer back to me. That made me sore. The whole morning I kept wondering why he didn't say hello to me. Didn't he like me or something?'

"And then he'll ask me some more questions and maybe

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ADMIRERS always get a smile with Tony's autograph. Yet he says, "I didn't feel good, got mad at things, let people annoy me."

changed my life''



MARRIAGE seemed to be idyllic for Janet and Tony; cheering fans never realized that the "little irritations" were endangering their love.

TONY CURTIS continued

Tony's applied new understanding to his marriage.



AT HOME Janet and Tony enjoy those rare moments of fun and laughter which are so relaxing after the hectic pace of their lives.



"Now I know why I react as I do"

talk about my childhood. Eventually we come up with the reason why I was so upset when the gateman didn't say hello to me. And the next time it happens, I'll realize that maybe the gateman himself was upset about something and that was why he didn't say hello and I won't get myself in a stew over a matter like that.

"That's how simple the treatment is. We just talk back and forth, the same way the Greek philosophers did in ancient times. Eventually we arrive at the truth."

But, I suggested, doesn't all this rationalization take the spice out of life? Doesn't that make it so he can't get mad at anyone?

"Not at all," he added quickly. "I can get mad. I can get good and mad. But I get mad only with a reason."

"For instance, I used to get put out with people when they didn't come up to my expectations. Now I realize I cannot expect more than they can produce."

He searched for an example. Then he pointed at the boots he was wearing for his swashbuckling role in "The Purple Mask." Supposing, he mused, that the boots didn't fit correctly. His conversation with the wardrobe man might go like this:

"These boots are too tight. I gotta get another pair."

"We haven't got any here."

"Where are they?"

"They're down in the wardrobe department."

"Then why don't you get them?"

"There's no stand-by car on the set."

"Well, can't you order one?"

"Yes—"

"Then order one and get those boots for me."

That, he argued, would be the right way to handle the situation. Not being dictatorial about it. Not pussyfooting around, either. But reasoning the matter out and exacting the degree of efficiency the other person is capable of.

"That's important," he said. "It's one of the most important things I have learned: do not try to push a person beyond his capabilities. But on the other hand, I have the right to expect the best possible performance of his duties that he is able to produce. And if he doesn't come through, I've got a right to squawk."

Tony admitted that he and his wife, Janet Leigh, were having some troubles before he started his psychiatric treatments. There were the usual irritations that all young married couples suffer during the first few years of learning to live together. But these difficulties were compounded by the fact that both Tony and Janet are high-spirited persons and both are subjected to the tense, nerve-racking life of being popular movie stars.

IT'S very possible that their troubles could have become so magnified with added months of strain that their marriage would not have stood up under it. Tony himself is realistic enough to realize this.

In Hollywood, even marriages that seem idyllic are subject to the pressures of the goldfish bowl life. One sharp word spoken in public can be blown up overnight into a full-scale split. If a couple is not getting along, the word soon leaks out to the gossipers. Many columnists will leap at the news, hoping to be the first to report the impending breakup.

These rumors can unnerve a husband and wife, even those who are very much in love. Despite their devotion, doubts creep into their minds as the questions are repeated: "Are you

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IN PUBLIC Janet and Tony flash radiant smiles at a premiere. "Talking things out" with a psychiatrist has given Tony stability.

JANET and Tony are devoted to each other and it is just this devotion that will hold their marriage together come what may.





DOORKEEPERS in their new home, Janet and Tony hope it will be a place to escape the pitfalls of Hollywood's fishbowl marriages.

TONY CURTIS continued

"The better I know my emotions, the better I can act"

splitting up?" "Have you consulted a lawyer?" Usually, something has got to give—and does.

Fortunately, the marriage of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh got help before their friends or the public had even an inkling that there was any trouble brewing between them.

"I would go to the psychiatrist and explain about some trouble that might have happened between Janet and me," Tony explained. "We'd talk it over and I'd find out why I reacted the way I did. I'd know how to handle the situation the next time."

The results of his talks put their marriage on a much more solid basis.

"Oh, we still have our fights like anybody else—maybe more so," Tony laughed. "I belt Janet one and she gives me a boot in the rear, and we end up very happy."

Besides matrimonial harmony, there are other important reasons why Tony consulted psychiatry. For one thing, he wanted to improve as an actor.

FRIENDLY TUSSELES are part of the game for Janet and Tony. "We still have our fights like anybody else—but we end up very happy."





"THE PURPLE MASK": In U-I's Technicolor historical drama Tony plays a daring hero, who disguises himself as a worthless fop.

"Some people work with their hands," he said. "Me, I've got to use my imagination.

"My job is to express emotion on the screen. No one else can do it for me. These have to be the emotions of myself, Bernard Schwartz, alone. Now it stands to reason that the better I know my own emotions and why I react as I do, the better I will be able to act on the screen.

"Not only that. The more an actor knows, the better he can be. And experience with psychiatry has opened a whole new world to me: I want to learn. Not that I didn't want to learn before. This is something different. Now there is an inner drive which I never had.

WHEN I first started going to this psychiatrist, he gave me a bunch of tests. One was an intelligence test. He told me that the results showed that I placed in the category of brilliant.

"Can you imagine that? Well, it brought about a big change in me. It gave me confidence to tackle whatever task faced me. It gave me the ambition to read great books and learn all I can about philosophy and literature and everything. I've been reading like mad."

He added another reason for his consultation with psychiatry and it had a strictly commercial basis.

"I didn't know how to talk to my bosses," he confessed. "That wasn't good. Instead of presenting my case in a quiet, logical way I'd go into their offices like a roaring lion. I'd come out very much subdued but without putting my points across. I just didn't know how to speak up."

Tony is finding his voice. He knows he has reached the point where he must consolidate his position in the film world. He has a strong following among movie fans, particularly among the younger people. Now he must solidify his popularity with them. And he believes there is only one way to do that: with good pictures.

"Take all the other actors who are more or less in my age category," he cited. "All of them have had at least one, really smash picture.

"Rock Hudson had 'Magnificent Obsession.' Bob Wagner had 'Prince Valiant,' which was a great break for a young actor. John Derek had 'Knock On Any Door.' Marlon Brando has had a number of great films. Montgomery Clift had 'From Here To Eternity' and others.

"I haven't had my big hit yet. My pictures have been good money-makers, yes. But that isn't enough. In order to stay in the business, an actor has to have a really great picture every once in a while. I'm looking for mine."

He'll soon have a broader field in which to look. This summer his exclusive contract with Universal-International will run out. Thereafter, he will make two pictures a year for the studio. He will be able to make other films on his own at other studios. And after three more years, he will be entirely free of his U-I ties. He wants to have his career on a firm basis when he goes out on his own.

"I want to be in the movie business for the next thirty years," he said.

And with his vitality, drive and level head, he's likely to do it.

END

Jean Simmons

Defends Her Man!



FAST GAME of tennis is Jean's idea of relaxation. "This is our home. We're here to stay. 'Jimmy' likes American ways. So do I."

Jean takes the stand to debunk some myths about the private life of the Stewart Grangers

By HELEN GOULD

MANY THINGS have been said and written about Jean Merilyn Simmons (the name she was born with in Crouch Hill, London, 25 years ago) since she came to Hollywood in 1950, so many, in fact, as to cause some befuddlement concerning the question: Who is the *real* girl behind it all?

She herself knocked one of the legends into a cocked hat almost immediately. The one that she wouldn't talk about herself or husband Stewart Granger because their private life was, well, *private*.

I told her I wanted to ask some direct questions to clear up the fog, and she said, gaily, "Come to lunch on Friday!" That's hardly being evasive, or ducking the issue. So there I was, driving up the private road lined with what seemed like millions of geraniums, to the Granger's hilltop house.

In the irregularly-shaped living room that blends a modern glass wall with the farm house feeling of bleached oak beams and two facing brick fireplaces, Jean sank contentedly onto a couch. "Fire away," she said eagerly.

"All right. Take the stand, Miss Simmons. These are direct questions. Will you answer them as such?"

A. I will!

Q. People are always talking about domestic problems you might have. What about that?

A. Everything is wonderful, really!

Q. Then what about the impression that you are very moody?

A. Yes, I suppose I am. I suddenly go into a 'kind of thing, and then I want to be left alone. This is especially true when I am working, and concentrating on a role. . . .

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"WE'VE heard the breakup rumors so often we don't even get upset about them."



"I THINK I know the reason 'Jimmy' hates to take me places. He wants me to be poised and dignified and I'm always falling over myself."

ACCOLADE from Hedda Hopper pleases Jean. "I do like parties but you can't indulge in them while you're making a picture."



"It's not true 'Jimmy' dominates

No, I don't bring the role home, but that's the way it is. Jimmy can look at me and get me out of the mood; it's over like *that*. He knows exactly how to handle me. But the odd thing is, I can't get him out of his moods. He has to be alone, until it's run its course. But isn't everybody moody at times? A person without moods could be very dull.

Q. Is it true you try to do everything your husband's way?

A. (Smile.) So many people think Jimmy dominates me. The impression, that this poor little youngster is bullied by Granger into not having a thought of her own is completely untrue. Jimmy's very funny. He still kids me about doing "Hamlet." You know, he did everything he could to talk me out of it. He was perfectly logical about my trying to tackle Shakespeare at 18—and with a company that included Laurence Olivier! But thank God, it was accepted.

Q. Accepted! It was only your *Ophelia* that made you the darling of London. But then—you defied Jimmy as long ago as that? Even before you were married?

A. Oh, it's still going on. Not long ago, he tried to talk me out of doing "The Actress"—but for a different reason: he didn't think I should go on playing 16-year-old children!



LAUREN BACALL with *The Grangers* at a premiere. "Moody? I guess I am, especially when working, but 'Jimmy' knows how to handle me."

me. I am not a poor little youngster bullied by my big husband"

But the role of an adolescent girl who wanted to be an actress appealed to me. It's still one of my favorites. I had to dance, sing, learn an American accent and play the violin. I didn't even know how to hold a violin, but Jimmy taught me!

Q. Then you like to work with your husband professionally?

A. Oh, I love to make a picture with him. He's a terrible taskmaster. When we were doing "Rebound" he'd practically take me by the scruff of the neck when we were rehearsing the script in the evenings for the next day's shooting. He'd say, "Come on, you'll have to be doing this tomorrow morning at 9, you know." Maybe I don't agree with Jimmy on everything I want to do, but he's very sound!

Q. What about your different tastes in social life?

A. (Chuckle.) Oh, yes, the old story that I am a gadabout, while Jimmy likes to stay home with a book. I do like parties, but you can't indulge in them while you're making a picture. I am not so much in the mood now, anyway. We have our friends in to visit us quite a bit, which is much nicer. I guess I've settled down. (Contented sigh.)

I think the whole thing started when I first visited Hollywood. I was on my way back from the Fiji Islands where

"Blue Lagoon" was made and I stopped here. Naturally, I wanted to go where I could see the stars. You know, to the English the Hollywood stars are gods and I was star-struck.

I think I know the main reason Jimmy hates to take me places. (Giggle.) I am always falling over myself. It was at the "Hamlet" premiere in Sydney—and the Governor of Australia was waiting for me at the head of an imposing stairway. I had on a long dress and high heels, and just as I got to the top, I did it—fell flat on my face. Nobody dared pick me up; they had to leave us alone. It was protocol, or something. Anyway, there I was, and I got the giggles. At 18, a thing like that can seem funny. So I just got up and carried on.

Jimmy wants me to do the poised bit, and be dignified. Yet when I get too dignified he knows it, and when he can see me putting it on, he beats me over the head for that, too!

Intermission. Rushton, the Granger's houseman, announced lunch. Stewart Granger had brought him back with him from his last trip to England. Rushton has been his driver and dresser over there for years. A small, blond, smiling man, he's delighted to be in California, and with the Grangers. The

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For one slow to anger, Rock Hudson can work up a sizzler that's sensational

when he blows his top,

Watch Out, Brother!

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

ROCK HUDSON is a man with a high boiling point. Everybody knows that. "Rock never lost his temper—really lost it—in his life," say some of the people who think they know him best. "He's just an easy-going guy who never takes the trouble to get steamed up."

That's what they think! But Rock can get just as angry as anyone else and when there is good reason for it, he is man enough to do something about it. Perhaps what confuses people is that he doesn't get angry in a conventional fashion. A belligerent night club heckler, for instance, will probably find himself completely ignored. But Rock can be annoyed. And he does show it.

There was the day, for instance, last summer in Italy when he was trying to take some pictures of people at a sidewalk cafe. One of the more obnoxious types of American tourists began kibitzing. "It won't be any good—at this distance—with the light the way it is—" the man objected in a "know it all" way.

Rock tried not to listen. He was absorbed in what he was doing and besides, he makes it a point to try to get along with strangers. Nothing the man was saying seemed to make much sense but he was the persistent type and kept on moving closer and uttering his criticisms more loudly. Finally, he gestured excitedly in Rock's face with a particularly obnoxious cigar.

"Look, pal," urged the stranger. "I'm telling you I know about these things and you're all wrong."

Rock had been doing a slow burn, but now it began to quicken. He took a deep breath, let it out slowly and then inquired, "Are you a professional photographer?"

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ROCK lives his life his own way and if there are any penalties he'll pay them. But interference is one thing he won't tolerate.



UNAWARE his picture was being taken, these candid shots of Rock in the commissary at Universal-International show him as his affable self.

ROCK HUDSON continued

A non-conformist, Rock steadfastly resists

"No. As a matter of fact, I'm a doctor. But I happen to know—"

"Ever operate a motion picture camera?"

"Well, no, but that doesn't make any difference. I still know—"

Rock's patience broke and he snapped, "Well, this happens to be a motion picture camera. And I just happen to have used it with fair success up to now. And I just happen to intend to do this my own way and if I make any mistakes they're going to be my own!"

The stranger caught on and he and his objectionable, gesturing cigar disappeared down the street. But whenever Rock runs this particular strip of film through his projection machine (it turned out very well, by the way!) he can still feel the boiling and the satisfaction inside him. "When he retreated," he says now, "it was the greatest!"

This officious and anonymous stranger, had he but known it, had put his finger squarely on one of Rock's most sensitive nerve-ends, the one which reacts violently to the know-it-all-about-anything.

Not so long ago, Rock was at a party at which one guest took it upon himself to assume the role of pundit about practically everything. He was sounding off sonorously about how "people are too stupid to realize—but some day they will find that I was right—" when Rock, looking exasperated, got to his feet.

"I couldn't," he announced clearly, "disagree with you more thoroughly than I do at this moment."

It caused a mild sensation. And it caused the punditing person to fade away in a sort of surprised and futile splutter.

Equally surprised friends who really don't expect Rock to make issues of things, gasped to him, "What happened?"

Rock tried to explain. "I honestly don't know, exactly. It wasn't what the man was trying to put over, to convince us of, that riled me so much as it was his attitude."

Then he confessed, grinning, "I don't think I know exactly what he was propounding and I'm sure I don't care. I just knew suddenly that if he said that black was black—and said it in that voice and with that manner—I'd have to contradict



INFORMALITY is the keynote as Rock, who's just come from the sound stage where he's been working in "One Desire," chats with waitress.

all attempts to persuade him to follow any sort of regular regime

him and say it was *white*. I'd have to poke a hole in that big balloon if I could. It isn't what that type of person *says* so much as what he *is* that gets me down."

Rock is a dedicated non-conformist so far as following any sort of routine is concerned. His idea of an utterly unbearable existence would be one which would require him to do the same things at the same time each day. So, when he isn't working in a picture he sometimes stays up half the night and sleeps half the next day away. And he steadfastly resists all attempts to persuade him to follow any sort of regular regime of diet or exercise which people think might be "good for him." The very phrase "good for you" arouses suspicion in him.

In Hollywood where people are constantly in the throes of various health fads, this is a spectacle which deeply pains, if it does not actually shock a great many people. One friend of Rock's, an older man, was ill-advised enough to take it upon himself to lecture Rock severely about it. This was a mistake. Rock listened politely for as long as he could bear it and then he made himself clear.

The gist of his remarks was, "Look, this is my life. This is how I want to live it. And if there are any penalties to pay, I'm the man who is going to pay them!"

That did it and Rock proceeded on his carefree way, looking, incidentally, healthier than most people.

He does admit, rather ruefully, that he is really ill-tempered about one thing. Traffic.

"I simply don't know what happens to me," he says, in puzzled tones, "but when I get behind the wheel of a car I start trying to outguess all the other drivers. Everyone seems to be trying to get the best of me, everyone is competing with me. There seems to be a vast conspiracy afoot."

Of course, not everyone in Southern California's hectic traffic tangle tries as hard as Rock to be reasonable. So it was that the other day Rock's car didn't leap like a gazelle in the split second at an intersection when the green "Go" light went on. The man behind him started a raucous, impatient honking. Rock doesn't like to be honked at. He stopped his car and got out, very deliberately, well aware that he was holding up traffic and that people for a block or two

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YOUNG Natalie Wood, who appears with Rock in "One Desire," his latest film, finds him lots of fun during a shooting lull on the picture.



SERIOUSNESS overtakes Rock and Natalie as they rehearse their lines once more before facing the cameras for a scene in the film.

ROCK HUDSON continued

ROCK as the reformed gambler, who marries well and becomes a bank president, only to find respectability doesn't bring happiness.



Rock's good nature is evident at work or at play yet

no one can squelch an officious character better than he

behind would also be honking . . . this time at the man who had started it all. He walked, not too quickly, back to the car which had honked, peered curiously at the face of the raucous honker and then he said, shaking his head as if in real bewilderment, "Sorry, old man. But I don't think I know you. Do you know me?"

And, leaving the honker gaping, Rock walked back to his own car amid what had become a bedlam of frustrated motorists, and placidly went his way.

He has been known to squelch officious characters on one or two other occasions.

As has been pointed out, he likes to conduct his own life, make his own decisions. Not long ago he had a disagreement with an old and valued friend.

"It wasn't a quarrel or even a 'falling out,'" Rock emphasizes. "It was a simple difference of opinion which needed only a little discussion to straighten out. It was certainly no business of any outsiders."

But in Hollywood there are always dozens of opportunists who think they can make capital of such incidents, so in no time at all there were half a dozen eager beavers besieging Rock, anxious, they avowed, to "take his side."

Rock was incensed.

"I'll attend to my own side," I told them. "And I don't need your help." My friend and I," he concluded, "were so sore about all this kibitzing that we agreed to forget our differences without even bothering to discuss them. But if I do have any quarrels I don't want help with them."

ROCK is a man of innate good taste, so naturally he doesn't like to see anyone made the butt of unkind or caustic humor and he doesn't like to see practical jokes played on anyone if they are meant to hurt or embarrass the victims. He not only doesn't like these things but he will take steps to put a stop to them if necessary.

As a matter of fact, he was pretty burned up at one "joke" that was played on him, although it wasn't actually damaging in a practical sense.

He has relatives of whom he is fond living in various parts of the country, especially a grandmother in Ohio, to whom he is very devoted. So someone with a distinctly twisted sense of humor obtained the name of a relative and put in a late-at-night long distance call to Rock, knowing that he would take it if that name was given.

Naturally he accepted the call, fearing, as anyone would, that something had befallen someone he loved and waiting with apprehension until the caller came on the line with a merry, "Ha-ha-ha! Did I get you up? Fooled you that time, didn't I?"

That was the time this Hudson really blew his top. His reply to this dandy little quip really sizzled the long distance wires.

Since that time he has refused to accept long distance calls at night, no matter what name is given. The relatives know how to get in touch with his mother who lives not far from him and if anything important comes she can relay it to him at once.

So, although it's true that Rock is one of the best-natured men in Hollywood, it is also true that he can get as angry as the next man and when he does, brother—watch out! **END**



THE GIRL who brings smiles to Rock's face these days is Phyllis Gates. Their constant dating has everyone believing this is it.

ROCK's big romantic interest was Betty Abbott, but although they are still good friends, they now see each other less frequently.



THE STARS AT HOME

King-Size Beds and Full-Length Mirrors

AN ACRE of bed is such a comfortable place for Debra to stretch out, kick up her heels and relax while chatting on phone.



**Deep rugs, feminine
flounces, and tropical foliage—
in Debra Paget's fabulous
home, her fancy has a field day**



STANDING up at the kitchen counter for a quick lunch of milk and a sandwich, Debra concentrates seriously on eating.



SISTER MEG'S playroom with its carousel and life-size dolls is still a favorite hangout for 21-year-old Debra.

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THE STARS AT HOME
continued

**Family, friends,
music and gayety
can't begin to
fill up all the space
at Debra's place**

RUG-CUTTING can't hurt the thick carpet when Debra swings a Charleston in the living room.



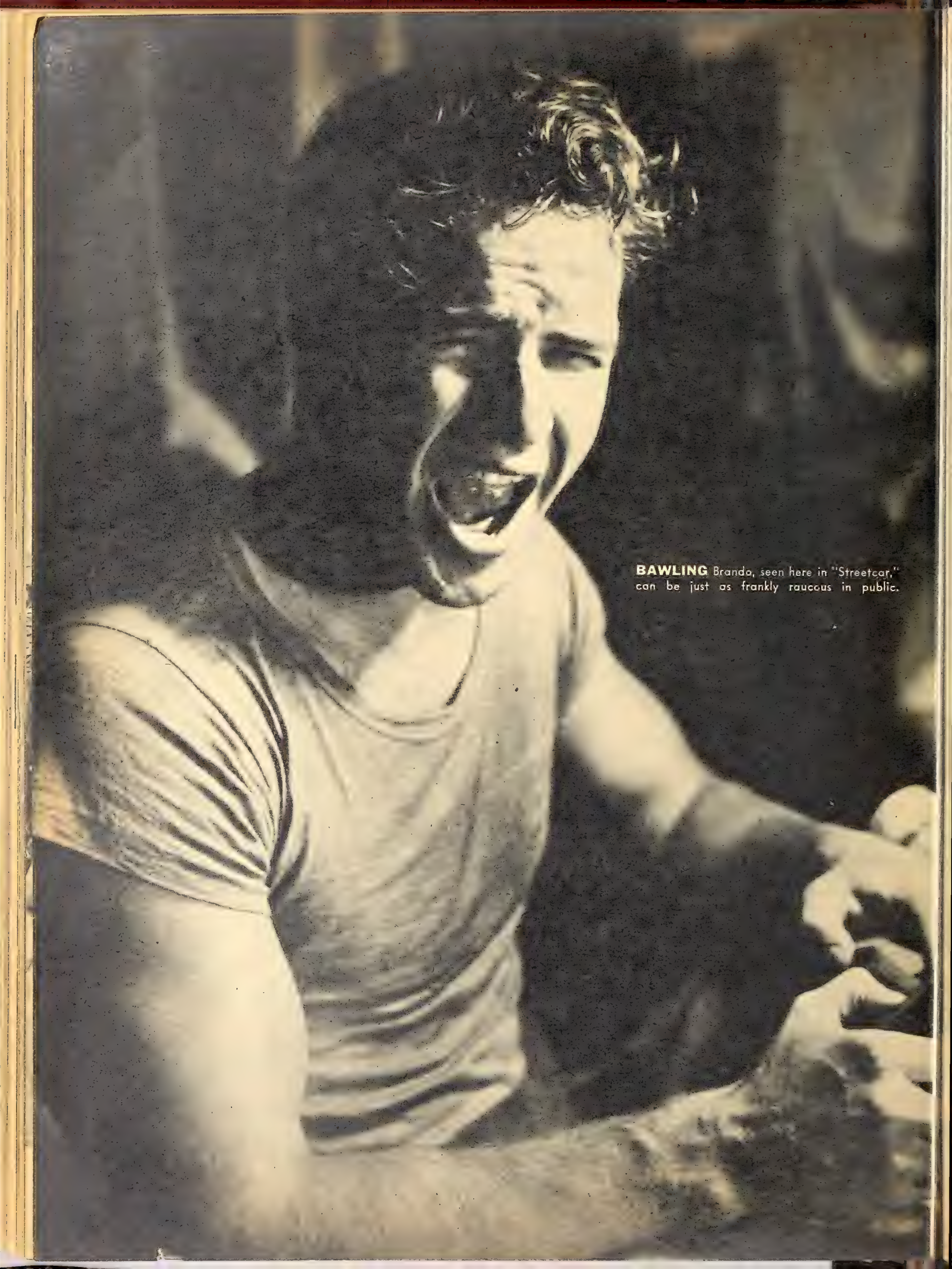
GLAMOROUS gowns of Debra and starlet sister Leslie Gaye match the brocaded chair and polished cabinet. They read the guest book.



FRILLY lamp lights Debra's dressing table with perfume bottles. Indian beads recall her princess role in Twentieth's "White Feather."

VIRTUOSO ambitions are out for Debra, but she likes to end the day with music.





BAWLING Brando, seen here in "Streetcar," can be just as frankly raucous in public.

The T-Shirt vs The Profile

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Colorful and flamboyant on the screen and in private life, will Marlon Brando be the new John Barrymore?

MARLON BRANDO has been tagged the greatest actor since John Barrymore. Such a comparison is justified not only in professional abilities, but in public acclaim and incomes as well. Barrymore, at the zenith of his career, was one of Hollywood's highest paid actors, just as Brando is today.

But is that where the similarity between them stops? Or could other parallels be drawn of the two men who caused more comment among their contemporaries than any other actors in history? What about their foibles? Their eccentricities? Their relationships to women?

While their backgrounds are entirely different—Barrymore came from a famous acting family, Brando's father was a salesman of limestone products in Omaha, Nebraska—there are numerous similarities which might not only help us to better understand the Brando of today, but possibly give an indication of what the future may hold for him.

In their features of course, the two men are as different as night and day. "The Great Profile" was one of the most hand-

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BAWLING Barrymore always enjoyed a good joke, even on himself, was noted for his withering witticisms, ignoring of public opinion.

In disregard for dress, a passion for privacy and odd pets, Brando strikingly recalls Barrymore

some men of his time, a description that could hardly be applied to Brando. Yet the latter—referred to in such terms as “a walking hormone factory,” “Lord Byron from Brooklyn” and “the Valentino of the bop generation”—seems to have every bit as much appeal to the movie-going public.

More obvious parallels can be shown in their way of dressing, which in both instances often showed a complete disregard for what the public thought of them.

Take a night about twenty years ago, when Barrymore was making about \$30,000 a week. He was strolling into town, looking for food for his pet raven, Maloney. Having spent the afternoon in Maloney's aviary, feathers and lime still clung to his garments, already shabby and torn from extensive wear. Because the night air was chilly, his coat collar was turned up, and his dirty Homburg pulled low over his eyes, partially covering his unshaven face. He looked for all the world like a bum. He even acted the part when he found a

SHAVEN for once, white-shirted Brando's magnetic face reflects the brooding intensity which has animated some of his finest acting.



trash can near the curb and, considering it a possible source of food for Maloney, lifted the lid. With a stick he found in the gutter he explored the inside of the can, discovering a piece of old meat which he put in his pocket—just as a well-groomed gentleman approached. One glance at Barrymore made his hand disappear in his coat pocket to fish out a dime. “Now be sure to spend it on food,” he admonished John.

Gratefully John looked up at him. “God bless you, sir,” he said in a throaty voice, then, to the amazement of the generous stranger, climbed into the brand new Cadillac which his chauffeur had parked a few feet away.

Compare this to Brando's first appearance in Hollywood. Until very recently, his torn blue jeans and soiled T-shirts were standard attire. He even wore them to the few social gatherings he attended, and on several occasions was refused admittance to restaurants because he wasn't dressed *comme il faut*. The trousers of the only suit he had brought to Hollywood had a hole in the knee and a split in the seat through which the tail of his shirt was all too visible.

Yet there was nothing affected about either Barrymore's or Brando's way of dressing, although Marlon has sometimes been accused of “putting on a show” for the sake of publicity. That kind of reasoning, however, is not based on facts. Few people in the film industry actually dislike publicity more than Brando, who once even refused to tell a reporter the name of his pet raccoon. It's just that neither of them ever cared much about “public opinion.”

This doesn't mean they looked like slobs all the time. When he took the trouble, Barrymore could be the best-dressed man in Hollywood. And on recent occasions, Brando, wearing a black Homburg and “Chesterfield” suit, could be mistaken for a United Nations diplomat.

Their peculiarities are just as similar in their attachments to unusual pets. Maloney was only one of Barrymore's many “friends.” His fondness for Clementine, his pet monkey, was even more pronounced. His first Warner Brothers contract stipulated that the studio would not only pay the fares for him and his valet, but Clementine as well. And on the way West, Barrymore amazed the other train passengers by holding grave conversations with the monkey, warning him of the pitfalls of Hollywood.

Compare this to Brando and Russel, his raccoon, and you may wonder if today's idol hasn't followed Barrymore's career with a looking-glass, so close are some of the resemblances.

FOR a long time, Brando and his pet raccoon were inseparable. They traveled everywhere together, and Brando even took Russel to parties, treating him more or less as a human being.

There are other similarities. In October of 1917, Barrymore found a “sanctuary” on the top floor of a century-old house off Washington Square, in New York. It was a place of solitude, where he admitted no women, gave no parties, entertained only two men—his brother Lionel, and a friend, Edward Sheldon. This longing for “a place away from people” stayed with him throughout his life. Years later, just prior to his third marriage—to Dolores Costello—he purchased King Vidor's house in Beverly Hills. Before he moved in, he had a room built in the tower of the building with a trap door that could be pulled up, to assure him complete privacy.

Brando has the same passion for privacy. In New York



"THE WILD ONE," chronicled a cycle raid on a California town, brought to a high point the Brando brand of eloquence in action, not words.



T-SHIRT and blue jeans costume, worn for "The Wild One," suits Marlon's taste in off-stage wear; Barrymore also liked to look the hobo.



BRANDO'S rugged profile has been as irresistible as has Barrymore's classic one.



LOVE blooms "On The Waterfront" for Brando and Eve Marie Saint (left), and in "Grand Hotel" for Joan Crawford and John Barrymore (right).



MARRIAGE may be next for Marlon, fiancée Josiane Mariani (left); will they be happier than John with third wife Dolores Costello (right)?

Brando, like Barrymore, is dynamite to women, difficult to tie down

City, he has a beautiful apartment in the smart midtown section. But there comes a time, and not infrequently, when he "has to be alone," when for hours he wants to sit in the dark and stare out of the window—his "period of reflection," as he calls it. That's why he took another flat, on 183rd Street, the exact address of which isn't known to anyone—not his friends, his agent, even his family. No doorbells or phone calls can ever disturb him there.

In comparing the two great, if not the greatest men of the film industry, it would be unfair to report only their eccentricities. In two of the most important aspects of their lives, they could have been twins. They took their work seriously and paid their debts.

In a way, this is more astounding than it seems at first glance, even considering their tremendous success and huge earnings. Today, Brando's asking price per picture is in the

vicinity of \$200,000. Barrymore earned as much as \$150,000 a picture, a fabulous salary in his day. Yet he died broke.

Four marriages and a fantastic spending spree during the latter part of his career left him completely insolvent. Yet when he got into debt, as he did frequently, he never got out of it by declaring "bankruptcy." Through valiant efforts, even when it meant playing caricatures of himself, or working when he was so sick he could hardly stand on his own two feet, he always paid back what he owed.

In that respect, Brando has been much smarter than his predecessor. He earned his first big money, \$500 a week, for the part of Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire." On the advice of his father, he immediately invested it in a cattle ranch in western Nebraska, which by now has been expanded to 800 head, with another 200 being grazed on a ranch he leases. He purchased other real estate and could, if

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MARLON BRANDO continued

Acclaimed as an actor, Brando may be luckier,



RESEMBLANCE between Marlon (top left) and Stan Kowalski in "Streetcar" (above and left) is superficial; Brando can be well-groomed, talk intelligently.

lead richer life than Barrymore

he wanted, retire from acting today and live comfortably for the rest of his life.

Within recent months, a break in his established "pattern" has been noticed by many of Brando's co-workers. He seems more relaxed, more careful in dress, less likely to make statements that make his female listeners scramble out of the room in a huff.

Generally, this change has been attributed to his much publicized engagement to a little-known ex-model and would-be actress, Josiane Mariana Berenger, step-daughter of a Mediterranean fisherman.

Actually, it seems far more likely that another event, the death last year of his mother, has had much more to do with the change in his personality. Friends were surprised to see tears in the eyes of the strong, muscular, seemingly unmovable young man at the time she passed away.

Here again, coincidence, fate or whatever you wish to define it, has created a sharp parallel. The woman John Barrymore loved most was his grandmother, Louisa Lane Drew, whom he affectionately called "Mum Mum." So strong and lasting was his affection that hers was the last name he murmured before he died.

When "Mum Mum" passed away, young John was heartbroken. He wept like he never had before, and for a long period afterwards had a much different attitude toward life.

Naturally, the entry of Josiane in Brando's life has also brought about some changes in him, too. To appreciate them, and predict the romantic future of Marlon, it is necessary to take a look at his attitude toward women in general. Here, too, we may be able to understand him better by comparing his attitude to Barrymore's.

The records show John was married four times, yet he was afraid of marriage, never really wanted to tie himself down. It grew out of a mistrust of women in general, and one in particular.

His first love interest had been a young woman who, at the time, had also been his father's sweetheart. The woman in question was unable to restrain her desire for the son of the man to whom she was supposed to be attached. This inconsistency left within young Barrymore not only a feeling of guilt toward his father, but a suspicion that all beautiful women might be as fickle. This feeling, in thought and action, was in evidence throughout his life. "Marriage," he once declared, "is merely a bad tooth that could and should be extracted whenever the pain prompts a visit to the dentist."

EVERY one of his marriages was born of loneliness, but none more than his last, to Elaine Jacobs. Particularly interesting is a comparison of events preceding this marriage, with Brando's present courtship.

Barrymore met Elaine Jacobs (she later called herself Elaine Barry) when he was very sick, mentally and physically, at the New York hospital.

Brando was introduced to Josiane when he was undergoing psychiatric treatment by Dr. Bela Mittleman, at a party given by the doctor in Marlon's honor. Two hours after they met, he asked her to marry him. However, Marlon never breathed a word of it to anyone.

Friends don't believe the marriage will ever take place, in spite of the official engagement, and Brando's instructions to a friend—before he returned to the Coast for his Sky Master-son role in "Guys And Dolls"—to find him a house big enough for himself and Josiane.



JOSIANE expects her motor bike excursion to be bumpy; life with Brando may be equally so if his love life should parallel Barrymore's.

The announcement of his engagement to marry Josiane came right on the heels of his mother's death and a feeling of loneliness, of needing someone. Josiane happened to be "at the right place at the right time," and probably has many qualities which might make her an ideal wife for the moody young actor. We say "might" because it is doubtful that for Brando, as it was for Barrymore, there is, or ever can be, a woman "ideally suited."

Moodiness, insecurity, uncertainty, exuberance, up one minute, down the next made both men extremely difficult to get along with. It isn't their fault. It is a part of what makes them great actors. Actors' imaginations are so vivid that sometimes they lose control of themselves, and their actions. That's what happened to John Barrymore. That's what might happen to Brando.

At least in Brando's relationship to women, he has exhibited one streak that has set him apart from "The Great Profile." While his reputation as a great, off-screen lover doesn't lag far behind Barrymore's, he has had the good sense so far not to tie himself down permanently, a state which, some of his friends believe, has no more chance of lasting than Barrymore's four futile attempts.

However, it shouldn't be implied that Marlon should never get married, simply because of his predecessor's unfortunate unions. No two men are so much alike that they blindly follow each other's footsteps. But the life of Barrymore should at least give Brando food for thought, make him consider his actions with a more rational approach, give him a chance to benefit by the experiences of a man who, through his art, did so much for so many, and so little for himself.

END

Is her love-life JINXED?

All of Piper Laurie's romances have been persistently haunted by hard luck — can she have the traditional happy ending?

By BOB THOMAS



GUIDANCE in the crucial early stages of her career drew Piper close to producer Leonard Goldstein; naturally, his death hit hard.

"POOR PIPER LAURIE!" an observer of the Hollywood scene sighed recently. "The girl seems doomed to unhappiness. Look what happens to her men. Leonard Goldstein died an untimely death. Dick Contino went to jail as a draft dodger. David Schine was involved in a national scandal.

"Men she has dated—like Richard Long, Tony Curtis, Ronald Reagan, Richard Anderson, Jerome Courtland—married other girls. Poor Piper has been left, all alone and lonely. It's a shame, a nice girl like that."

The sympathy is touching, but is it warranted? You must take an intimate view of Piper to decide.

In some respects, Piper does *not* appear to be a happy girl. She is not like Debbie Reynolds or June Allyson, who are bubbling most of the time. Piper is pensive and deliberate. She enjoys a good time as much as any girl, but her periods of real joyfulness are not frequent.

She is intensely serious about her career. Acting has been the passion of her life since she was seven years old. She wants to improve steadily as a movie star and has dedicated her life to it.

No *time* for romance? That's part of the story why Piper has not settled down with one man.

"But look at it this way," suggests a close friend of Piper's. "The poor girl is only 22. That's about the age when a good many girls are just getting out of college. Nobody feels panicky about *them* because they aren't married. But people are worrying that Piper will end up an old maid."

Piper herself puts it this way: "I wish they'd give me time. I want to get married some day, sure. When I was little, I had plush little daydreams about growing up and falling in love and walking down the aisle. But it isn't quite that simple, I find."

Despite her protestations, people still discuss the failure of this or that romance of Piper's. Perhaps we should analyze just how romantic these episodes have been.

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AS SERIOUS about her music as her acting, Piper plays well, enjoys an evening with her piano for company.

Piper has never lacked for dates, nor does she now, but she has found more of fun and friendship than of love



MARRIAGE was predicted when Piper stuck by Dick Contino on his arrest for draft evasion, but neither felt ready for marriage.

First of all, let us take the late Leonard Goldstein. In many ways, he has been the most important man in Piper's life thus far.

Leonard was a producer at U-I when a bright young red-head named Rose Etta Jacobs was signed by the studio. He saw star possibilities in this girl, whose name was given a highland fling with Piper Laurie. He took a chance and starred her and Tony Curtis in "The Prince Who Was A Thief."

Leonard and Piper became an item. It was a bit of offbeat casting for her to date a man who was old enough to be her father, but Piper didn't care. However, she was happier about their relationship after he left U-I to become a producer at 20th Century-Fox.

"I feel a lot better about dating him," she said, "because it used to be that every time I got a good role people thought it was because of his influence at the studio. Now when I make any progress, there's no longer any suspicion."

Leonard and Piper had a closer relationship than most human beings achieve. She never made a move in her career without consulting him.

Having come up the hard way, Leonard was a lone operator. He had hundreds of acquaintances, but few friends. He found delight in confiding in Piper, in discussing all his business deals with her. They went out together a great deal, attending banquets, night clubs, plays and movies. It was a great education for Piper to be with such a show-wise individual.

Undoubtedly love did enter the picture to some extent. No two persons of the opposite sex could be together as much as they were and not have romance enter their heads. But friends believe that Leonard kept their relationship from

RIISING STAR George Nader exchanges table talk with Piper at the Mocambo. Her ability to fit in anywhere makes her an ideal date.



reaching the marriage stage. Above all, he was a realist. He knew the hazards of a man of middle years marrying a girl who was barely old enough to vote.

Whatever she felt inwardly, Piper would say only this: "I love Leonard Goldstein, just as I love my own family. I enjoy Leonard's company, and I know he will always be my friend, no matter what happens to him or to me."

L EONARD'S sudden death struck Piper hard. She had never before lost anyone dear to her, and a person's first experience with death is often the hardest. It will be a long time before she recovers from the blow.

Piper met Dick Contino during her first year as a movie actress. He got her phone number from a movie magazine editor and called her for a date. She accepted, and they went out together many times. Then tragedy struck his life.

He failed to show up for his Army induction and was arrested for draft evasion. He was tried and sentenced to prison. Until then, everybody had been his pal. He was the hit of the night club circuit, earning as high as \$5,000 a week. But after his arrest, his so-called buddies deserted him. He found out who his friends were.

One of them was Piper Laurie.

"All during the trouble, Piper stood by me," Dick says. "When things were darkest, she wrote me letters, gave me encouragement. She has a lot of character. She was over to Korea twice during her spare time just to entertain the troops. I saw her over there, and it was just like the sun coming out of the clouds."

Dick served in the army with credit and honor. He returned to the U.S. to pick up the broken pieces of his

career, and Piper was ready to help him. They resumed dating, and columnists had them all set for marriage. Dick set them straight.

"Piper's got her own career to think of," he reasoned, "and neither of us is ready for a wedding. At least I'm not—not for several years."

"There's one thing I can't say strongly enough. This girl stood by me when the going was toughest. If she wanted it, she could have my right arm. That's how much I think of her. Maybe she'll fall in love and marry someone else. But she'll always have a friend in me. She is the finest girl I've ever met."

Right now, Dick is engrossed in re-establishing his career, and that keeps him out of town much of the time. When he is in Hollywood, he and Piper see a lot of each other.

Oddly enough, Piper met David Schine through Leonard Goldstein. She and Leonard were at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, which the Schine family owns, and he introduced her to the handsome young heir.

Piper and Schine had a few dates. Then he left for other adventures, notably his trip through Europe with Roy Cohn and his Army experience, which touched off the Army-McCarthy hearings. Many a less principled actress might have flown to Washington for a front-row seat at the proceedings.

But Piper shunned any notoriety. She did not let it interfere with her relationship with him—which is on a friendly dating basis. When he came to Los Angeles on furlough, she dated him a couple of times. But there was no romance, and doubtless will never be.

What about the others? Going back to the start of her

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"KISS thy hand, lady"—Donald O'Connor salutes Piper at a party; though not bubbly kind, she has a flair for fun.

DICK ANDERSON was among Piper's dates, who went down the aisle with another girl (Carol Lee Ladd); Dick and Piper were really just friendly.





COFFEE for two is Piper's favorite nightcap at the end of a date. She is unique among women in her ability to remain pals with a man.



HELPING her mother includes counting out dinner dishes. Piper's logical approach to life extends to love affairs.

The warmth of her family life



MRS. JACOBS nods approval while Piper samples the pot; her daughter is also a very good cook, with emphasis on cakes.



TROPICAL FISH and three dogs share Piper's affections. In her steady, methodical way, she expects love to come gradually.



PAINTING has been Piper's favorite means of expression for years; wide interests and a strong sense of values mean she'll never be left.

has prepared Piper for marriage, kept her happy to remain at home

Hollywood career, you can begin with Tony Curtis. That may sound like ancient history, but they did do some dating.

It started on a personal basis. Then it largely became business. They were co-stars, which meant that they did a lot of appearing together on tours. Both were intent on their budding young careers, and they had no thought for romance.

Piper and Tony seldom see each other socially, but their personal relations are cordial when they do meet.

Rock Hudson was another early Laurie item.

"I made my first screen test with Rock," she recalls. "He had been with the studio about two months. I wasn't signed yet, but I was actually the first girl he met on the lot. The night before the test, we rehearsed at my house and had a casual dinner in the living room on a card table."

Their friendship grew as their careers progressed. Piper became Rock's No. 1 booster, and vice versa. But it is doubtful if romance ever entered their heads. Piper has a quality unique in a woman in that she can be pals with men and not get involved in any romantic nonsense. And that's how it is with her and Rock.

Before Ronald Reagan married Nancy Davis, he starred in "Louisa," Piper's first picture. "We became genuinely fond of each other," she says. "It was a friendship we both enjoyed." It went no farther than that.

Once, in an interview, she was asked if there ever had been a man she really wanted and couldn't get.

Yes, she replied. There had been one. He was a handsome high school hero, and she loved him from afar. She raced through the halls just to be at a certain spot as he passed by. But he never gave her a tumble.

AFTER the magazine came out, who should call her up but the boy himself, Rick Eller. He was naturally eager to right the error he had committed in high school days. They had some fun dates together, but Piper thought it wise to break it off before their dating got to the romantic stage.

Rick was a UCLA student, and their worlds were far apart.

Most of the aforementioned males were strictly dates for Piper. A few might have been infatuations, and two or three might have blossomed into real romances. But the fact remains that Piper has not yet found the love of her life. She has never had any real bustups with any of the men. Her heart has never been broken.

There are two things Piper looks for in a man—basic honesty and a sense of humor.

"A man who laughs easily won't boil over at little things," she says. "If he can laugh at himself, he won't get stiff with dignity and be hard to live with. If he's honest, there will be few secrets or doubts standing between you."

Will she ever find the man of her dreams?

Without a doubt she will. But he may be a long time a-coming. First of all, she wants her career. And when she does find the man for her, it will probably not happen suddenly. That's not her way of doing things. Piper is the steady, methodical type, even in matters of the heart.

I put the subject of this story to one of Piper's closest friends: can Piper find happiness? The answer was an immediate yes.

"Sure she will," my informant declared. "The reason is that Piper has a sense of values. She is in many ways more adult than most of the people I know who are much older than she is.

"Maladjusted people can't stand to be left alone. Piper knows the value of solitude. She can be just as happy at a crowded party or spending an afternoon at the beach hunting sea shells all alone.

"Once I hesitated inviting her to a party because I knew all the others would be much older than she is. But she insisted on coming. And do you know what? She had a better time than anyone there. She spent the evening talking to everyone and finding out all about them.

"Find happiness? Sure. Piper will, if anyone can."

END

GEORGE GOBEL

TV's most uncommon common man

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

"**THAT** bugs me, trying to make me a rags to riches story. I've been hitting it good for years."

He may forget his name, but believe thee me, it's George Gobel

A month after his discharge from the Air Force—he'd been a bomber instructor and pilot—George Gobel walked into the Chicago office of David P. O'Malley, one of the biggest booking agents in the Middle West.

George was still in uniform and he was carrying a guitar.

"I know you, Lieutenant," O'Malley said. "I auditioned you with a trio before the war."

"Well," George said, "I'm a comedian now."

"Well, Lieutenant," O'Malley replied. "You don't look very funny to me."

George looked about the way he does now. Now he's five-feet-five, weighs 138 and has a crewcut which is a little grey

around the ears. He also has a hapless-appearing air—like a mild but desperate commuter who's always getting to the railroad station in time to see his train pull out.

To get back to O'Malley. O'Malley was soft-hearted. He said he'd give George a trial, a ten minute opening spot in a big USO show the following Sunday. The scheduled stars of that show were a line of chorus girls from the Latin Quarter revue.

George showed up on Sunday, but the girls didn't and 3,500 servicemen were getting a little impatient out front. O'Malley couldn't bring himself to tell them that the revue manager had got his Sundays mixed.



WATCHING him you get the feeling he's an intimate friend of everyone in the audience.

"In the corner of that huge stage," O'Malley recalls, "going 'plink,' 'plink,' 'plunk,' on his guitar, was George. We were telephoning all over, trying to get every act in Chicago out of bed and down to the theatre.

"In a minute I heard a little laugh, a ripple, you know. Then, a minute later, a yuk. And suddenly this little guy had taken on the joint and wrapped it up. I

heard the walls falling and ran out to look. Everybody in the house was roaring. He came off in ten minutes like I told him to. I said, 'Take a bow, George. Can you do ten minutes more?'

"Well, George did 45 minutes, a regular concert. I never heard such yells. When he finally came off, the wings were loaded with jugglers, tap dancers, acrobats, show girls all waiting to go on. But

everything else we did that day was an anti-climax."

Except that, back there in 1945, O'Malley became George's manager. Today, the first anniversary of his TV show still months off, George Gobel has already established himself as one of the most original and likeable entertainers in or out of video. In 1954, he won the Sylvania Award as *the* comedian of the year. "Well," George said, in acceptance, "I'll be a dirty bird."

There are a lot of people talking about this miracle—that is, the miracle of a little guy who came from nowhere and landed on the jackpot. "That bugs me," George says. "Everyone wanting to make this a rags to riches story. I've probably been lucky, but I've been hitting it pretty good for eight years. I just didn't pop up out of some place."

To begin with, he was born in 1920, on the northwest side of Chicago. His father was a practical joker who owned a grocery store, and his family lived above it. The family included George and his mother, a former piano teacher.

George was eight when he joined the choir of St. John's Episcopal Church and gained a reputation as a boy soprano. When he was 12, he got his first radio network job. It was on the "National Barn Dance" program; George, by this time, was a ballad singer and yodeler, too.

continued on page 64



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GEORGE GOBEL continued

A year later he was playing the guitar and turning out discs for Sears Roebuck with an obscure hillbilly crooner named Gene Autry. George stayed on with the "Barn Dance" for six years.

Meanwhile he was a student at Roosevelt High, a softball star with the Neighborhood Boys Club Eagles and a hit with the co-eds. Especially with a dark-haired one named Alice Humecki, who kept the inside track by doing his homework while he built his career. If she got lonesome, she could tune in to Tom Mix's horse opera and hear George deliver his line. The line usually read, "I'll hold your horse, Tom."

It wasn't big-time but it was something for a 16-year-old kid to buy himself a Ford sedan. George attributed most of his success with Alice to it. "She liked Fords," he says. Alice has a different story. "It took me five years to get him to propose," she says.

Anyway, they were married in 1942, just after the Air Force signed him.

"I couldn't just sing," he says. "They wouldn't sit still for that. Not those guys. So I began working a few stories in between songs. Some I remembered from playing around Chicago with the trio. Some I stole. Some I just made up."

After his discharge and tie-up with David P. O'Malley, George wowed them all over Grand Rapids, Cedar Rapids, East Dubuque and Sheboygan. Then he came back to Chicago.

A man named Frank Helsing, owner of Helsing's Vodvil Lounge, didn't think George looked very funny, but all George wanted was a one-night stand for seventy-five dollars. The next night Helsing offered him a six-week contract at \$400 a week.

"From the first night George was a star," Helsing says. "We found that the longer he was on, the funnier he became and his fame spread from the North Side all over Chicago and to Milwaukee by word of mouth."

George followed the word. From then on \$400 was peanuts to him. You could catch him at the Palmer House in Chicago, the Sahara in Las Vegas, the Waldorf in New York.

But if you saw him on the street you wouldn't recognize him. That's why he's been "discovered" more often than anybody else. People would watch him perform and go home predicting that a little guy named Gobel was going to make it some day. The fact is, Gobel had already "made" it. Only he never swaggered around like a big-shot comedian and never behaved like one.

Before he got his own TV show, George did guest spots on others. He made 30 appearances on Garry Moore's daytime program and right from the start he drew a lot of mail.



A FAMILY man, George devotes as much time as he can to his wife and three kids.

"A lot of us had been talking about George for years," Garry says. "He has a humor which is based on respect for the individual, however tormented he may be by circumstance. He never gets his laughs at the expense of ridiculing someone, and because his humor has its roots in everyday living he stays fresh and never 'uses up' his material. Gobel has become a sort of spokesman for the average guy."

George describes himself a little differently. "I am one common man," George says, "and you can't hardly get them no more."

The "pros" knew all about George and night club audiences knew about him and his family knew about him but now—hats off to the National Broadcasting Company—twenty-five million more people know about him, and quite naturally, they're comparing him to every other comedian they know. That's another thing which bugs George.

"People are always asking me who I remind me of," he says sadly. "I don't know who I remind me of. Who do you remind you of?"

It's safe to say that shortly there will be a rash of new comedians who will remind everyone of George, for his vague stares, long pauses, quiet after-thoughts and futile entanglements with words make his monologues classically hilarious.

At his opening show he came on serious and business-like to describe his program. "... Now, it's not the greatest show in the world—I mean, it's not hilarious. Jocular is what it—humor—well, it might just keep you from getting sullen."

He didn't need a million dollar production behind him.

On his second show, he had a little trouble remembering his own name. He leaned forward and explained this slip in a neighborly way.

"Faces I remember real good," he said, "but names—believe thee me!"

A light suddenly flashed in his eyes. He remembered. "I'm George Gobel is



GEORGIA and Gregg round out his family. George's humor is as homespun as he is himself.

who I am," he said. "And it's interesting how I got to be George Gobel. See, I come from a very large family. One day, Dad called all sixteen of us children into the living room and said, 'Now which one of you kids wants to be George Gobel?' I wanted to be Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but that was already taken."

He takes it slow and easy in his Midwestern drawl and you're not sure whether he wants you to laugh or cry, which is why what he says lingers long after you turn off the TV set.

Watching Gobel you get the feeling he doesn't need a script and is an intimate friend of everyone in the audience. But George sometimes mulls over a routine for six months before he uses it, and his ulcer didn't come from his being relaxed. Often he's so keyed up before a show his hands tremble and his face breaks out in nervous blotches.

And always after the show his wife goes back to the dressing-room, packs his show clothes into a suitcase and leads him quietly to dinner.

The Gobels live in a rambling house in Sherman Oaks, California, not far from Hollywood. When George isn't working, home is where you find him.

"Other comedians," says Hal Kanter, his present writer and director, "like to go on the town and make up for it by writing checks or buying ponies for their kids. Not George."

George just hangs around and lets the kids—9-year-old Gregg, Georgia 4, and Leslie, 9 months—walk all over him. If TV success has made him happy, it's Alice and the kids who'll share that with him. And his mother and father.

Of all the Gobels, Mom is most level-headed about his TV rating. When Alice called her long distance to ask how she enjoyed George's work she said, "Well, Alice, there's nothing new."

To which George might make a typical response.

George would probably say, "So there you are."

END

Silver Screen

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

(Continued from page 11)



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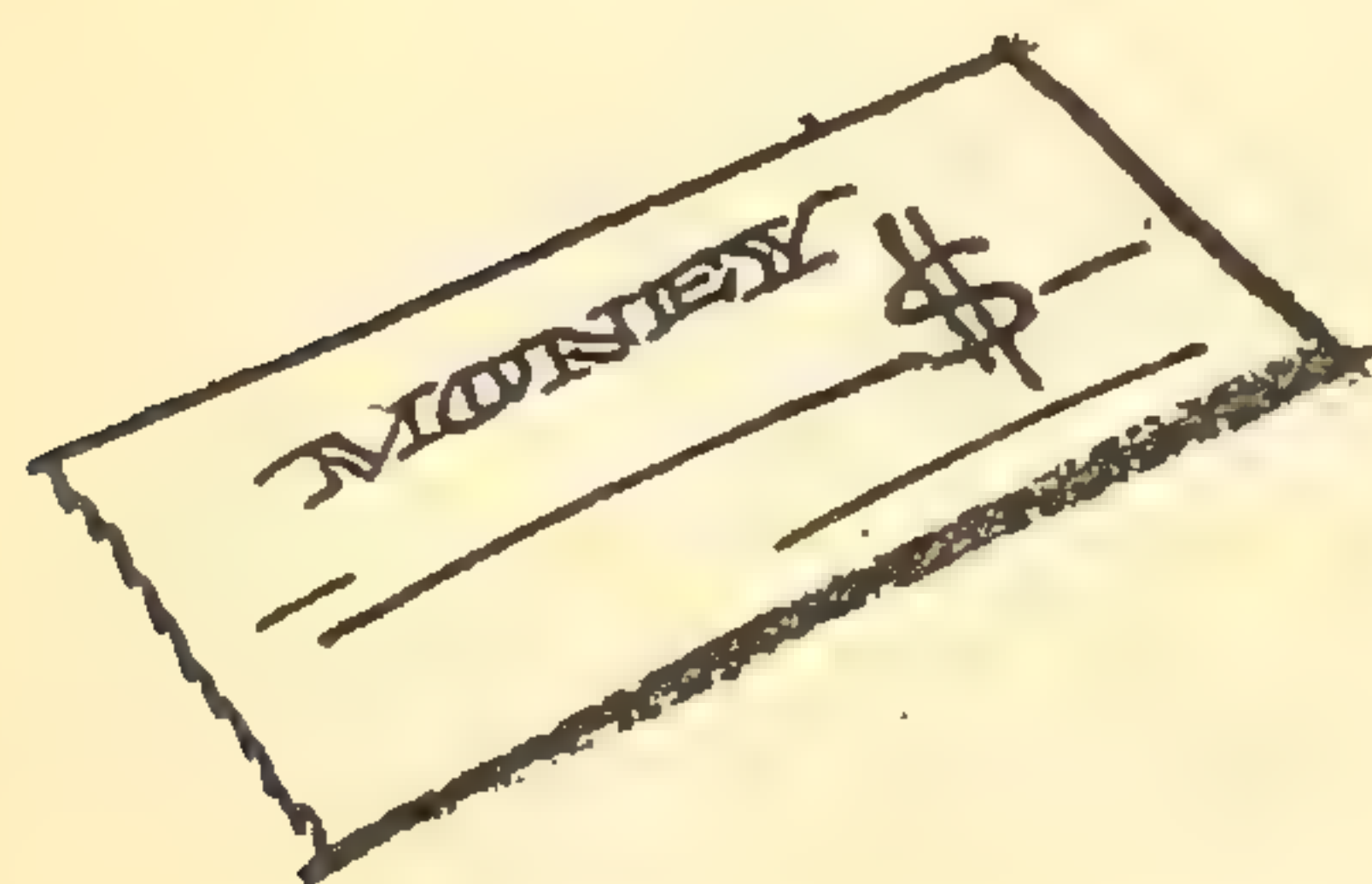
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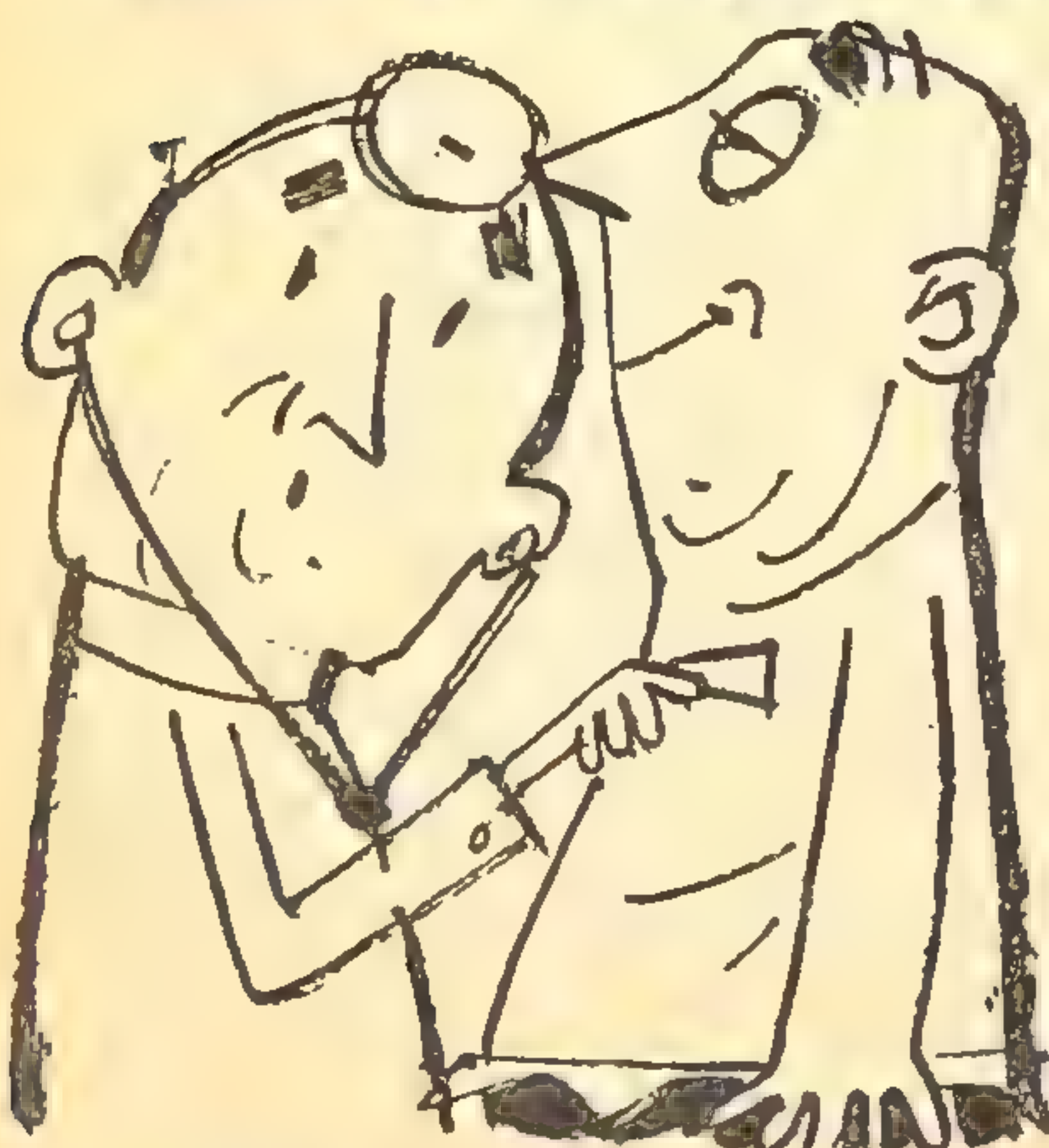
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And Bob Hope, before *he* left to entertain GI's in Greenland, hung a diamond necklace on wife Dolores.

MORE HAPPY PAIRS—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh finally had a month off at the same time, headed east for a vacation but were "drafted" for p.a.'s. Tony, who's had to learn to sing, dance, fence and fight with broadswords in past pictures, next tackles riding—the real tough kind 'cause he has to ride like a wrangler—for "The Rawhide Years." . . . Van and Evie Johnson are in tune, and not just matrimonially. They've written a song, "Deductible You," and Sammy Davis Jr. will wax it. . . . Marge and Gower Champion, always in step, continue touring with "Three For Tonight" before returning for a picture. . . . June Haver's still turning down movie and TV offers, which pleases Fred MacMurray. Fred, whose roles have been on the serious side for some time, returns to comedy in his TV series, "Stand-in Wife." . . . Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman celebrated their 19th anniversary.

SPRING FEVER—Coleen Miller probably will be married to Ted Briskin, ex-husband of Betty Hutton, by the time you read this. . . . Grace Kelly and Oleg Casini still dating happily. . . . Marilyn Erskine has a huge engagement ring from fiance Chuck Curland, an insurance executive. . . . Cleo Moore, whose darkened hair won such praise from friends that she's decided to stop bleaching, and recording star Tony Travis seem serious.

. . . Sheree North and Bud Freeman, recording executive, are steady dating and are rumored about to wed. Sheree doesn't confirm or deny. . . . Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor are twining again. Wish they'd make up their minds!

HAPPY AGAIN—Ida Lupino and Howard Duff reconciled again and daughter Bridget is real happy about it. Do hope it lasts this time!

GETS \$\$\$'S—Greta Peck, after almost two years of separation from Greg, went to court and was granted an interlocutory divorce. And what a settlement! The \$150,000 home in Pacific Palisades, one-half of other community assets and alimony until 1965 that will amount to about \$65,000 a year, depending on Greg's income. After that she'll get a flat 10 percent of Greg's earnings unless she remarries. She has custody of their three sons. Greta really got a bushel out of Peck!

ALL OVER—We told you Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton were trying for a reconciliation but the outcome was doubtful. Well, it didn't work, regrettably. They've parted on the usual "friendly note" and Bob is now dating his first wife, Mary Horton. . . .

LINDA NOT LONELY—Since her separation from Ty Power, Linda Christian hasn't been pining. When she visited New York, the playboys there were tearing their hair to date her. Back here,



DOROTHY LAMOUR gaily drapes a lei around Liberace's neck during her night club stint.



THERE'S been no one else for Gloria De Haven from the moment she met Dewey Martin.

Robert Schlesinger, very social and very rich, gave her a diamond necklace and reputedly offered to sign over millions to her if she'd marry him. But Linda's chums say her heart still belongs to Edmund Purdom. But with neither divorced yet, who can tell?

SHORT SHOTS—Further sign of no indication of reconciliation for Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush: Jeff has a new apartment where he's designing and building a lot of his own furniture, all very masculine and very bachelor style. . . . Johnnie Ray's ex-wife, Marilyn Morrison, was at his bedside in the hospital constantly after he underwent an emergency foot operation. They've also had lots of dates. But no reconciliation. . . .

\$\$\$'S GO—Susan Hayward wasn't exactly happy when a California Superior Court judge ordered her to pay \$10,000 for lawyer's fee and court costs for estranged husband Jess Barker's appeal of their hotly contested divorce. Barker seeks to set aside the divorce on the grounds that her evidence was insufficient to justify a decree based on "extreme cruelty." Jess also wants a division of all earnings and properties accumulated during their marriage. Watch for more fireworks.

SPURNS MILLION—Marie "The Body" McDonald says she turned down \$1,000,000 offered as a wedding present if she would re-marry shoe manufacturer Harry Karl. She divorced him last November. They reconciled and went to Europe with the plan of re-marrying there. They were frustrated by red tape in Tangier, Zurich, England and Paris, returned to Hollywood still insisting they would wed again. Then Marie went to the hospital with what she described as "double pneumonia and exhaustion," but after a remarkably quick recovery she announced "no reconciliation this time," adding, "you

can't heat up yesterday's mashed potatoes." She plans to resume her career.

WHO KNOWS?—Rita Hayworth has patched up differences with her studio, Columbia, signed a new contract and will go back to work, first picture to be "Joseph And His Brethren." But meantime, rumors from the East persist that all is not well between Rita and Dick Haymes. . . . It seemed for a while that Gloria De Haven and her former husband, Marty Kimmel, would reconcile. But that was before a little Cupid named Humphrey Bogart introduced Gloria and Dewey Martin on the lot at Paramount. Then Gloria and Dewey began constant twining and cooing.

COULD CHANGE—Shelley Winters' new heart is Bill Travis, English actor whom she met while making "I Am A Camera" in Europe. Travis is due to visit Shell here. But we make no positive predictions about the Winters named Shelley. . . . Nor do we about Terry Moore and her new beau, textile heir Justin Smith II. They met last summer while Terry was working in a New England stock company, have corresponded ever since. . . . Jeff Chandler and script girl Betty Abbott continue dating but both deny they will wed. Jeff, who emerged as a recording artist last year, adds another facet to his career and debuts as a night club singer in Las Vegas this Spring.

MORE DATING—Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman resumed dating which in turn resumed rumors of possible matrimony. We doubt it. . . . We can be wrong, of course, but we also doubt that Clark Gable and Kay Williams Spreckels will ever say "I do"—to each other. . . . George Nader dates lots of glamour gals, but his real heart is a Pasadena beauty. So far they've kept their romance a secret. . . . Rock Hudson has bought a house, but whether it's intended as a honeymoon home for Phyllis Gates is a big question. Our prediction: Rock won't marry very soon. . . . Maybe Bob Wagner is phoning Joan Collins in England but her real heart is Sydney Chaplin.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS—Bob Francis has finally moved from his parents' home in Pasadena to a bachelor apartment, much closer to Columbia studio. Watch for Bob to start dating the Hollywood gals now. . . . Lori Nelson has been dating with Ralph Meeker and Wayne Mallory, Guy Madison's brother, but admits the boy she likes best is Tab Hunter. And Tab still thinks Lori is "just the greatest." A long range prediction: that some day Lori will become Mrs. Hunter. . . . Mamie Van Doren and music-maker Ray Anthony continue as a romantic duo. . . . Virginia Leith admits "secret love"—but that's all she does admit. . . . And happy Springtime to you, too! **END**

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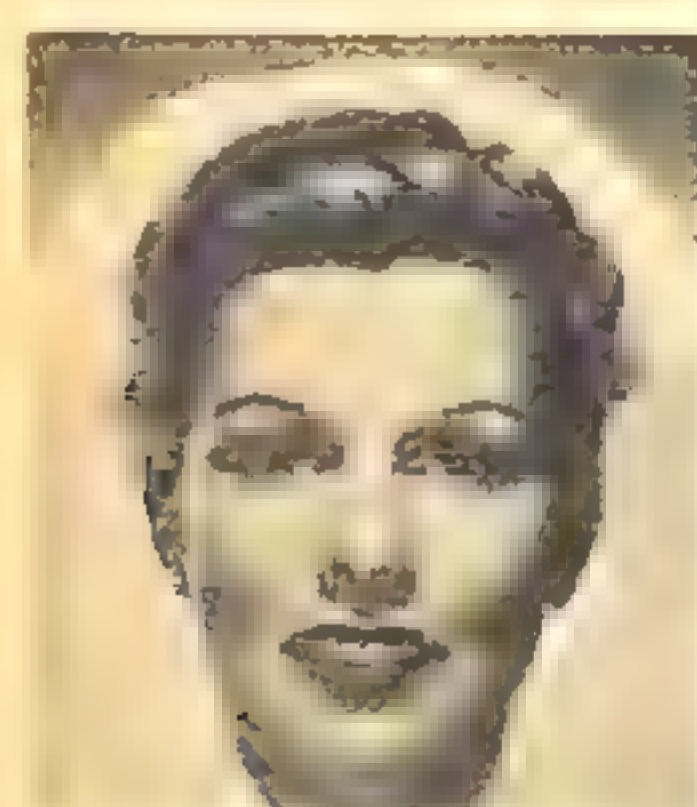
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let's look at the records



By **MARTIN BLOCK**

Twentieth Century-Fox's "There's No Business Like Show Business" can now be heard (and at reduced prices) on a 12-inch Decca LP lifted from the sound track itself. The film's stars, **Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor** sing "Heat Wave," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and more old and new Irving Berlin hits. Like the movie, the record is plain old colossal. . . . Even as so many others, **Perry Como** has latched onto "Ko Ko Mo," backing it here with "You'll Always Be My Lifetime Sweetheart," for Victor. The word-for Como is ever *ultra-relaxed*, or maybe, just plain *tops*. . . . The **Crew Cuts** also rate with their pop version of the above "Ko Ko Mo." "Earth Angel," another rhythm and blues smash, is on the flip of the "Sh-Boom" lads' Mercury platter.

Nine in all—the **LaFalce** (pronounced *La-fal-chee*) **Brothers** sing "The Devil's Highway" and "Maria, Maria, Maria" for Victor. . . . "I Gotta Go Get My Baby" is a **Teresa Brewer** country-styled tune that's fresh as paint (Coral). "What More Is There To Say?" on the flip, is a four-handkerchief item. . . . **MGM** offers **Betty Madigan** doing "I Had The Funniest Feeling" and "Be A Little Darlin'," and you&you&you are apt to love both. . . . From her Warner Bros. flicker "Young At Heart," **Doris Day** warbles "Till My Love Comes To Me," with "There's A Rising Moon" on the reverse (Columbia). Great Day in the wax! Especially backed by **Percy Faith's** ork. . . . The **Four Aces** offer super singing and unusual rhythm in their Decca disc, "There Is A Tavern In The Town" plus "Melody Of Love."

Betty Hutton up and joined sister

Marion to form a new team, and their "Heart Throb" and "Ko Ko Mo" (Capitol), make for a Hutton field day. . . . "Green Fire," title tune from the **MGM** movie, has been recorded with *eclat* (zing, if you prefer) by **Connie Russell** for Capitol. "Snow Dreams," with echo-effect, on flip. . . . If you liked "Blue Tango," you'll get a similar lift from "Blue Mirage," **Percy Faith's** beautiful etching for Columbia.

Hollywood's **Abbott Records** offer the **De Castro Sisters** doing "I'm Bewildered" and "To Say You're Mine." Three beauties singing two beauties. . . . **Eddy Arnold** (and guitar) celebrated his (their) 10th Anniversary over at Victor by issuing an album, also a single, "I Always Have Someone To Turn To" and "It Took A Miracle" . . . No record collection is worth its salt without **Lavern Baker's** "Tweedle Dee" (Atlantic), backed by "Tomorrow Night." The *Tweedle* has become a fast classic. . . . In case you've been asking about the **Mills Brothers**, they're still very much around. Particularly on a new Decca disk, "Paper Valentine." "The Urge" is on the flip. . . . **Steve Lawrence**—Steve Allen's TV groaner—has come up with a Latin-tempo novelty, "Kiss Me Now" backed by a ballad, "How Do I Break Away From You?" This Coral island of music is loaded with Lawrence verve and personality.

END

"The Martin Block Show" is on **ABC Radio 2:35-4:00 p.m., EST, Monday to Friday**. "Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom" is on **WABC in New York, 2:35-6:45 p.m. Monday thru Friday and Saturdays from 10:00 to 12:00 noon and 6:00-7:30 p.m.**

JEAN SIMMONS DEFENDS HER MAN!

Continued from page 37

dining room, small and intimate, looks out over the patio and swimming pool. Lunch, served on white wool place mats on the polished wood table, was aromatic and hearty: steaming stew and Italian pizza-bread, with lots of butter. The questioning is going so pleasantly, it doesn't stop for the meal.

Q. Is it true that Jimmy does the cooking?

A. Now *that* one is true! Jimmy cooks dinner every night—even when he's working at the studio. I don't know how he does it, but he does. Last night we had my favorite, fish and chips.

Q. I understand he's partial to barbecuing steaks for your friends. But that isn't an English specialty.

A. No, but it doesn't stop steak from being his favorite. Now for an English specialty, you should have come to dinner Sunday: roast beef, roast potatoes and Yorkshire pudding. I think best of all, Jimmy likes to make sweets. The stodgy English kind, like bread-and-butter pudding; fattening, but oh, so good!

Q. "They" say that you don't care too much for Hollywood. Is that true?

A. True? Well, look around you. Wouldn't you say this was our home, our basic place? Of course, I still love England; my mother and sister are there, and I intend to go back, from time to time. But we're here to stay. Jimmy likes American ways. So do I.

I hate telephones. I'll just listen to the monster ring, if there's no one to answer it. There's no special reason—I guess I

just like to see who it is I am talking to. But when I first came here, I used to make calls just to hear the operators say "You're welcome" when I said "Thank you." In England we say "Not at all" or "It is nothing." The expression "You're welcome" just fascinated me. I am too used to things to be fascinated now, but better still, I like them—very much!

Jimmy still has four years to go at MGM. After that, he fancies he might want to be a director. With his sense of perfection, and taste, he should be a brilliant one. Actually, he claims he hates to act; he doesn't think it's a man's job.

As for me, it's taken me practically all this time in Hollywood to get straightened out. Now I am out of the contract that J. Arthur Rank sold to Howard Hughes. I wasn't even allowed to leave town, but I couldn't do anything. It was a frustrating period. That's when people said Jimmy was dictating, too. But I really needed his help in getting that contract business straightened out. Now, with my commitment at 20th Century-Fox, I am freer and happier. It only calls for one picture a year, but it's adding up to more. I started work on "Desiree" right after finishing "The Egyptian."

Imagine! I had 35 costume changes for "Desiree"—I didn't know a girl could have that many. It was marvelous. I was especially happy about working with Marlon Brando; I think he is the most exciting actor we have today.

Q. Speaking of clothes, it's been said,

continued on page 70



HAVING fun at Mocambo. Jean and "Jimmy" will soon be seen as co-stars in "Rebound."

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JEAN SIMMONS DEFENDS HER MAN!

Continued from page 69

too, that your attitude is—casual? That pink jersey and matching wool skirt you have on look pretty swank to me.

A. Oh, I got dressed for company! No, joking aside, for me it's either trousers, blue jeans, shorts or full evening dress—nothing in the middle.

Q. The reports have it that you range all the way from temperamental to sweet and demure. Many people you've worked with have told me you're not temperamental; that you go out of your way, in fact, to give other players the best camera range. But—what about the rest of it?

A. Sweet and demure, you mean? Ha! Everybody looks on the typical English girl as being long in the tooth—and short on sex appeal. They just don't know English girls, that's all!

Q. Is it true what they say about English humor—that there just isn't any?

A. That's a canard. The English have a great sense of humor; in time of trouble, it's most brilliant. Look at the war days—how could they have survived, without a joke to lighten the strain? Why, Cockney is a whole sense of humor, in itself.

(Impish grin.) I can even laugh at myself, sometimes. Not long ago, I bought a dress for an important party, a big

industry dinner. At 6 o'clock the shop called and said they were sorry, but Lana Turner had bought the same dress. I said, "Well, good heavens, just send something else in the same size." It turned out the dress I bought sight unseen got a lion's share of compliments that evening—and Lana had done me a good turn. I told her the story; we still break up over it whenever we see each other.

Q. There have been so many pros and cons, may I ask you directly—What is the state of your marriage?

A. (Laugh.) Oh, you mean the "break up the marriage" bit. We've heard it so often, we don't even get upset about it. What would you say?

Q. Now you're asking the questions. I'd say you look as contented as a kitten, and like a very happy woman. Any more questions you'd like to ask me?

A. Yes, please. (Anxiously.) Did you really enjoy the stew? That's what's important.

Q. We seem to have gotten a little turned around here, but I'm glad you asked. It was wonderful.

A. Oh, that's good. I'll call Jimmy at the studio and tell him he had a good customer!

END

"WHAT'S WITH MEN?"

Continued from page 27

I prefer the timid one who gets embarrassed rather than admit he can't take me to a place I suggested.

I don't get into such predicaments very often. To start with, I am not an "expensive date." I don't drink, like a hamburger as well as a filet mignon, don't care whether I am taken to a movie or a fancy night club. Furthermore, before suggesting a way of spending an evening, I consider my date's income, and will avoid recommending any place he can't afford. Quite often, when asked out by boys who were short on money, I invited them to my house, where Mom could fix us a bite to eat.

Surprisingly, in regard to my clothes I've had less criticism from my dates than from some columnists. Probably because unless I go to an official function, I dress very simply. I have learned that fellows like girls to be "under-dressed" rather than "over-dressed," that while they may enjoy whistling—mentally that is—at someone else's girl, they resent their girl being dolled up in a way that attracts that type of attention.

In spite of my customary emphasis on simplicity, however, one of my dates complained so much about an outfit I wore

that we eventually broke up because of it.

Having known each other from the States, I looked forward to seeing him again in Tokyo last year. On our first two or three dates, we got along beautifully. But on Christmas day, he became annoyed with the outfit I wore—a white, embroidered sweater and full, felt skirt, appliqued with green Christmas trees and red reindeers.

"I'm dressed up more than usual because it's Christmas," I explained.

"You look typically Hollywood," argued my super-conservative friend.

"Consider it this way," I pleaded. "All year round, except for flowers in our house, we have no extra decorations. But for Christmas the place is crammed full of candles, mistletoe, ribbons, tinsel and what have you. Just once a year I want to look as festive as I feel . . ."

He never understood. In a way, it was a little, inconsequential matter. But by referring to it over and over again we got into an argument every time we met, till at last we split up, for good.

One of the most contradictory traits among men is their complaint that women have grown too independent, while at the same time they show a lack of attentive-



MEN say women have grown too independent yet their lack of attentiveness amazes me.

ness that never ceases to amaze me. Some even claim they would never marry a girl who insists on continuing her career, that a woman's place is in the home, that they wish they were still living in the "good old days" of their fathers. But few observe the little courtesies which, after all, should go hand in hand with their outlook. Like helping you into your coat, offering a seat in a crowded bus, or opening doors.

Of course, I don't think the blame rests entirely with men. Any girl who doesn't give a fellow a chance to be courteous—like the kind who jumps out of a car before he can walk, even run around to open the door for her—doesn't contribute to our cause.

To the fellows I hope to see frequently, at the very beginning I indicate that I'm the old-fashioned type of girl, who expects good manners. If any date ignored helping me into my coat, for instance, the next time I'd simply hand it to him. If we go some place by car, I remain in my seat till he comes around. Once a fellow was half-way inside a restaurant before he realized I wasn't trailing him! When I went out with him again, he helped me out in the most attentive manner.

Generally, the result of my effort seemed gratifying not only to myself, but to my dates as well. When given the opportunity and shown appreciation they enjoy acting like gentlemen.

In my line of work, one type of man seems inevitable: the kind who asks you out only for very important, well-publicized functions, but wouldn't think of inviting you for a game of tennis, a movie not attended by photographers, or an out-of-the-way, little-heard-of restaurant. He wants to be "seen" with someone whose company will assure him a mention in the press, while personally he may care little

more about you than a china statue in a nearby antique shop.

But I don't mind!

Attending a premiere, for instance, is one of the most impersonal functions in Hollywood, and to be frank, almost exclusively for publicity. Based on this type of reasoning is an unwritten code of our industry to oblige one another whenever possible, and practical. Occasionally, choosing from among the fellows who ask me to go with them, I too consider who could "complement" me most.

It is one of many arrangements which have worked well in the past, and all actors are familiar with it. Likewise, they understand that as an actress, I may have to break even an important date at the last minute when I get an unexpected, early morning call from the studio.

Outsiders, however—even those who have been around show people for a long time—seldom understand, and get very hurt when that happens.

One friend of mine—not in the industry—was genuinely distressed when he asked me to join him and a group of others for a picnic, and I replied, "Sorry, I can't make it. I have to work."

"Why don't you tell your studio to get along without you for a day?"

He couldn't comprehend why, with only one person absent, the studio would lose thousands of dollars by such an action on my part.

But then, I couldn't understand his reasoning either, because regardless of whether it cost the studio a few thousand or just a few dollars, it would never occur to me to shrink away from an obligation for the sake of an outing, no matter how pleasant it promised to be.

Which brings me to the point I made at the beginning: "What's with men, anyway?"

END

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72

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Continued from page 8

liness after *Mahe*'s colleen dies. A warmly sentimental Technicolor drama based on the true life story of a really remarkable man. This is rich with West Point tradition and color. (Columbia.)

The Conqueror

AS Genghis Khan, the 12th Century Mongol warrior who conquered half the world, John Wayne won't disappoint his ardent followers. He's a trifle more hairy, true, but if anything, it adds to the lusty quality which has been standard with Wayne lo! these many years. The story, rich in adventure and barbaric thrills, is frankly not based on historical fact. Who needs fact when Wayne gallops after a fleeing Susan Hayward, catches her, and quote—takes her as his woman—unquote. Willing though she might be, Susan can't forget Wayne is her father's most hated foe. So with Dad in mind, Susan goes out of her way to add a further challenge to Wayne's absorption with conquest. Because of her, he's captured by the Tartars and sentenced to death, but when the chips are actually down, Susan can't abide such manpower going to waste. She preserves him for destiny and their fur-lined tent. Directed by Dick Powell, this Technicolor spectacle set the studio back a fast \$6,000,000 and believe me, it's worth every last cent. (RKO.)

Hit The Deck

GIRL trouble seems to be the main theme behind this breezy Technicolor musical which involves three sailors: Vic Damone, Tony Martin, and Russ Tamblyn. On leave in San Francisco, the trio runs into disaster and the Shore Patrol

when they "rescue" Tamblyn's sister (Jane Powell) from wolf Gene Raymond. Honorable though their motives are, Tamblyn's sire, Admiral Walter Pidgeon, gives orders to bring the fugitive in. Helping the lads, Jane, Debbie Reynolds and Ann Miller aren't any great shakes—they're always bursting into song and dancing around street lamp posts which is bound to attract all kinds of attention. Eventually the boys are caught, but you gather—all ends well. When last seen, they seem to have commandeered a warship for the sole purpose of having a grande finale during which all concerned, including most of the U.S. Navy, whoops it up in a rousing chorus of "Hallelujah!" (MGM.)

A Man Called Peter

HAVING an unswerving belief in his calling, the energy of three and the persuasive charm of an advertising account executive about to land a \$3,000,000 client, Minister Peter Marshall (Richard Todd) is able to accomplish wonders with failing congregations. One of the more attractive members of his Atlanta, Georgia, flock, college senior Jean Peters, is so impressed with his sermons she spends the better part of two years having a discreet but well-defined crush on the very eligible Marshall. Fortunately, it takes a shorter time than that for Todd to realize Jean's the girl for him. When their honeymoon is interrupted by a telegram ordering him to take over one of Washington, D. C.'s most famous churches, Jean resigns herself to the fact that their life together will be about as private as a showcase in the Smithsonian Institution. How right she

continued on page 74

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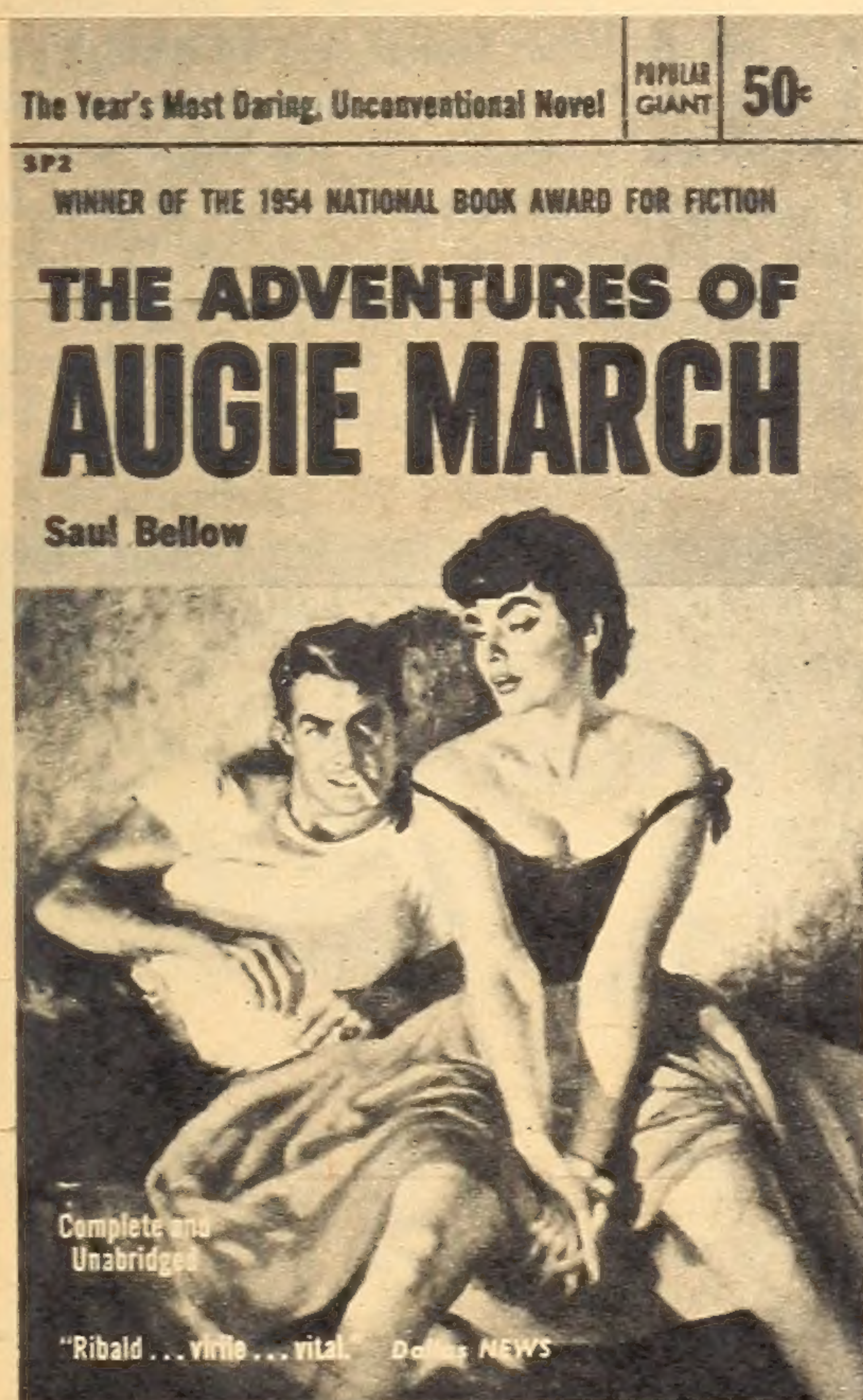
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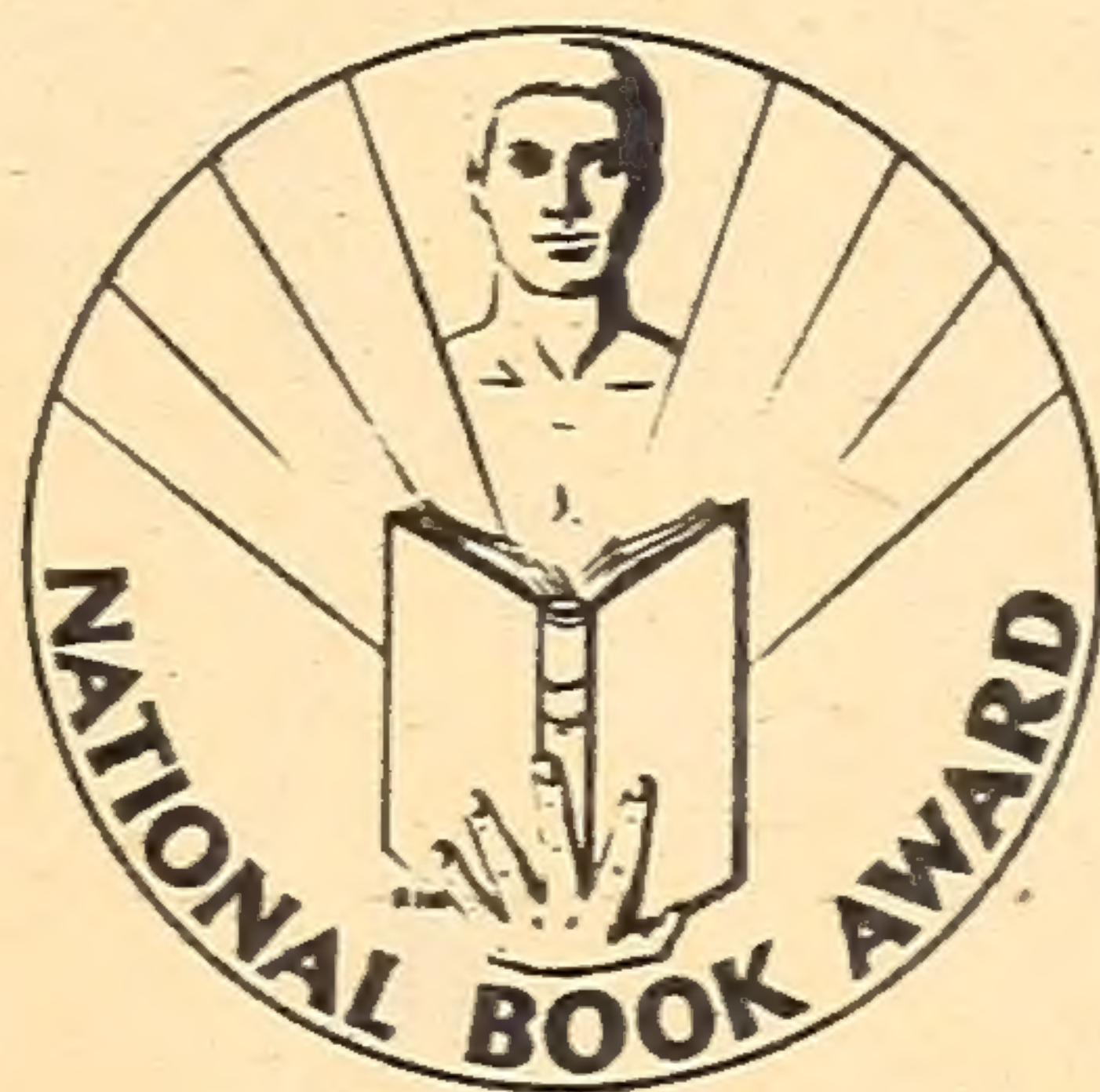
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COMING ATTRACTIONS

Continued from page 72

is! No job is too little for Marshall to take on, nor is any too big. All this drive finally takes its toll. While still in his early forties, Marshall, by then chaplain to the U. S. Senate, dies of a heart attack. Based on the best seller written by his wife, this faithfully follows the short but vigorously dedicated life of one of the country's best-loved ministers. (20th Century-Fox.)

Mambo

WHEN a girl's got what Silvana Mangano has, she's not going to continue working in a smelly old factory—that's for sure. Purely by chance, Silvana bumps into Count Michael Rennie and is horrified when he shows keen interest in her shock-absorber system. Fortunately, the girl can dance, too. She works out her trauma by feverishly studying with the Katherine Dunham dancers while manager Shelley Winters beams fond approval. Finally a famous danseuse, crisis after crisis delights in nipping at Silvana's nimble heels—old flame Vittorio Gassman appears, Shelley dies, Rennie proposes marriage. Gassman forces Silvana to accept, knowing the Count, a hemophiliac, isn't long for this world and his money could come in mighty handy. By the time the last man drops out of her life, Silvana is ready to work off a few more traumas—thank heaven for the Katherine Dunham dancers! (Paramount.)

Captain Lightfoot

OPPRESSED by British rule, many an Irishman joined secret societies sworn to avenge the tyrants. Few, however, went quite so far as Rock Hudson, who thought it a lark to rob the local English landowner and use the money to further the rebellion. Hunted by British dragoons, Hudson falls in with the most notorious of all Irish highwaymen, Jeff Morrow. Morrow teaches Hudson that a gentlemanly manner can often cloak any number of crimes. Together they embark on a joint fund-raising campaign while Morrow's daughter, Barbara Rush, burbles fetchingly in the background. She succeeds in getting all of them into more hot water than His Majesty's Dragoons could ever hope to dream up. With the most striking features of Ireland and Hudson as the Technicolored backdrop, action rages with reckless abandon. (Universal-International.)

Jupiter's Darling

ABOUT to sack and pillage Rome, Howard Keel, who plays a very monumental Hannibal, is confronted by Roman beauty Esther Williams offering to cut down his battle time by pointing out a

break in the walls of Rome. Esther's strategy is to avert large scale slaughter and keep the city intact. The only way she can accomplish this is to keep Keel occupied with matters far afield of warfare tactics. In those days they didn't have gin rummy, Scrabble or Canasta, sooooo. . . . The diversion works to mutual satisfaction until Keel learns Esther is betrothed to Roman Emperor George Sanders. Sentenced to die as a spy, Esther escapes, via the help of Marge and Gower Champion, but once more opportunity to spare Rome raps on her spacious breastplate. Hilarious musical satire, in Eastman color, that spoofs the togas off history. (MGM.)

East Of Eden

BASED on John Steinbeck's best selling novel, published in 1952, this Warner-Color drama is intense with the conflicts and hates which storm within a divided family. As head of the *Trask* menage, Raymond Massey is its worst offender by showing decided preference for one of his twin sons, Richard Davalos. The other boy, James Dean, tries desperately to claim some share of his father's love. Facing constant rejection, Dean hits back, in a youthfully belligerent fashion, by going to the local pleasure palace. That in itself would be a minor escapade, except he learns his mother, whom both boys believed dead, is sitting on the top rung of the town's shadiest profession. Made of sterner stuff than brother Davalos, Dean rolls with the blow, and in the final payoff shows he's more qualified to be on the re-

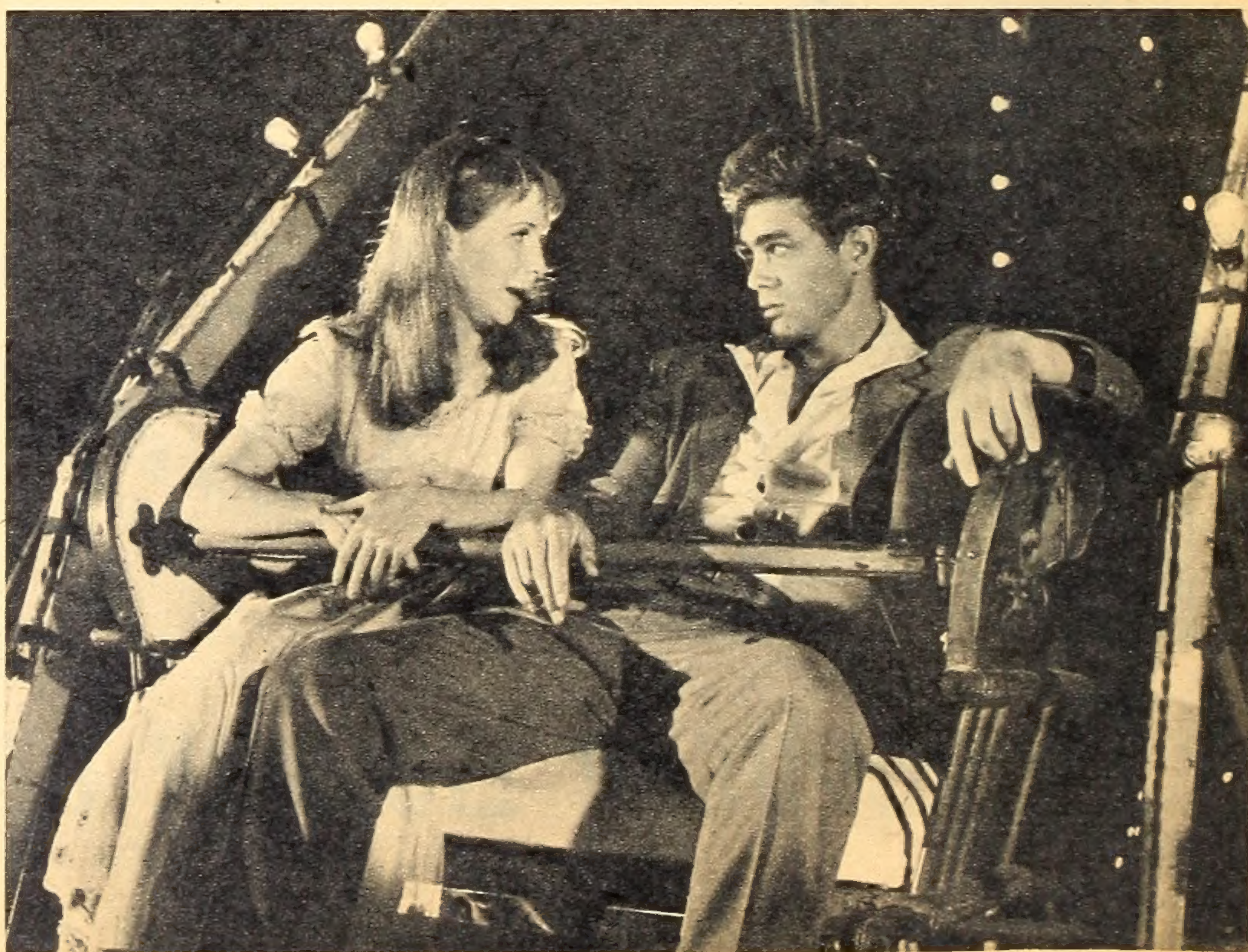
ceiving end of his father's respect and Julie Harris' love. Directed by Elia Kazan, the acting again reflects the master's touch—and this boy Dean is one of the most exciting new personalities. (Warner Brothers.)

Untamed

IN the year 1847, the potato blight was getting a strangle-hold on Ireland, and Susan Hayward was applying a romantic strangle-hold on Tyrone Power. It's hard to say which was more devastating. Though Power returned to South Africa to carry on his fight to form a Dutch Free State, memories of the fiery Susan remained to gnaw away at his innards. During Powers' absence, his love marries another, but soon she, her husband and their infant son are headed Africa-way. How, better a way to meet Commando Power again than to be in a wagon train besieged by Zulus, with her dead husband at her feet. So many goodies are crammed into this one epic that it bulges enticingly at its well-sewn seams. (20th Century-Fox.)

Chief Crazy Horse

WHEN he was a young boy, a vision appeared to Crazy Horse. It foretold that one day he would lead the Sioux nations to glorious victory over the white man. Grown to manhood, Crazy Horse (Victor Mature) established himself as a fearless brave capable of out-maneuvering the white troops sent to quell his ambitions. Undefeated in battle, he nevertheless surrenders to the Army when his squaw, Suzan Ball, is in dire need of food and medical care. A creditable Technicolor insight into the problems faced by a man determined to hold together his dwindling heritage. (Universal-International.) **END**



LOVE for James Dean, her fiance's brother, frightens Julie Harris in "East Of Eden."



Carefree days

on the highway



No. 70

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MEDIUM BROWN

FRENCH STYLE

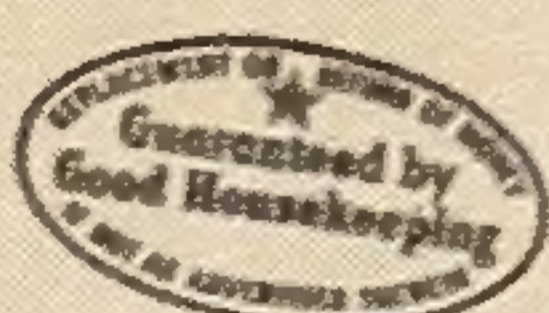
UNICUM HAIR NET

EXTRA SMALL MESH

MADE OF DUPONT **NYLON**

INVISIBLE
WITH ELASTIC EDGE

PREMIUM QUALITY



Insist on Genuine UNICUM in this package. SHADES: Dark, Med. or Light Brown, Black, Blonde, Auburn, Gray or White, to match your hair.

Lovely you, driving happily along knowing you look neat and attractive . . . because your hair is under control in a Unicum Hairnet. Sheer 15 denier nylon with elastic edging conforms to your very own hair style. And these wonderful Unicum hairnets are washable, run resistant, snag proof . . . and keep your hair beautiful wherever you go, whatever you do.

Buy several Unicum Hairnets today. The price is very low, the value incomparable.

ONLY

10¢ EACH

ALL SHADES
GRAY & WHITE INCLUDED

Buy a supply of UNICUM HAIR NETS today at your nearest

WOOLWORTH STORE

Also available at other fine stores

Net Your Man....



PUT MORE ALLURE INTO YOUR HAIRDO WITH **VENIDA**[®] HAIR NETS

● See how *captivating* an unruffled hairdo can be. Tomorrow morning, take ten seconds to put on a Venida Hair Net. Notice how smart and trim your hair looks all day long. How every wisp *stays put*, just as you first arranged it, without your "do" requiring a bit of attention or recomb.

Perfect color-blend, sheer invisibility, extraordinary wear—you get all these in Venida Guaranteed Hair Nets, plus the certainty of knowing Your Man will always see you at your *very best*.

Venida Hair Nets are Sold Everywhere

Venida rules the waves![®]

Hair Beauty Products of

THE RIESER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 18



NYLON HAIR NETS, elastic edge, regular or French mesh, 10¢

HUMAN HAIR NETS, with or without elastic, all shapes and sizes. 20¢ and 25¢

BOB PINS, rubber tip, tension grip, can't catch or scratch. 10¢ and 25¢ 190-pin economy size 50¢

SLEEPING BEAUTY SET-NETS, nylon tricot, lace edge. 39¢